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Interior of Henry VII.th Chapel—Westminster Abbey.

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YOUTHFUL DAYS.

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Childhood's and boyhood's blissful time,
Gay sports and frolics rude;
The tumble on the new-mown hay,
The ramble in the wood;
When autumn fruits were red and ripe,
And grapes were hanging thick and sweet,
And in the orchards, round our feet,
The yellow pears were thickly spread,
And school-boy baskets soon were laden,
With wild nuts from the branches shaken.
Home of my childhood! happy spot!
Behind the dreary waste of years,
In memory's faithful glass, how bright,
How fair, your humble roof appears!
I see, I see, the rustic porch,
And close beside the door,
The holly, waving still, as green
As in the days of yore.

FROM THE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

Recollections of a night of Fever.

It was the eleventh day of my fever. The medical attendants had again collected round my bed for a last struggle with the disease, that was drying up my blood, and searing the very marrow of my bones. Unfortunately, in every sense of the word, for my present comfort, as for the chance of recovery, I had little faith in them, though, to judge from the result, my opinion had less of reason than of prejudice. But I could not help myself; I was far away from those in whom I should have put trust, in the Isle of Jersey, which, for any useful purpose, as regarded distance, might as well been the Isle of Madeira.

My physicians had deemed it proper to bring with them a third—an addition to their number that I felt at the time was ominous of nothing good. Still I had an instinctive dread of asking the one plain question, "Do you give me up?" This would have ended all suspense, but then it might have also ended all hope; and who would willingly put hope from him? I endeavoured to gather from their looks the opinion which I feared to ask for; but men of this description have either no feelings to conceal—long acquaintance with misery having rendered them perfectly callous—or, as in the better and rarer case, the strong sense of duty has taught them to subdue every appearance of emotion. How eagerly did I watch their passing glances as they stood about me! and how yet more anxiously, did I listen to their half-whispered consultation on their retiring to the next room, to decide upon the awful question of life or death: for to that I knew too well my case had come. I felt as the criminal must feel when the jury have left their box, carrying with them the power to save or destroy, and much more likely, from what has passed, to use that power fatally. Death, when it shall come, will never have half the bitterness of those few minutes of horrible suspense, when life, the dearest stake we can play for, is on the die, and hope is struggling, single handed, against doubt, and fear, and [illegible] thus imperfectly, only added to my apprehensions—"I think not," said the new comer. What was it he did not think?—that I should live, or that I should die?—"To-morrow," said the same voice.—"Aye, to-morrow!" thought I, "to-morrow I shall be cold and senseless; she who now drops the tears of burning agony over my death-bed—who would give her own life, were that possible, to prolong mine but a few hours—even she will shrink in horror from me." I could almost fancy it was written on yonder wall that it shall be thus. Fancy?—why it is there, written by the same hand that wrote the awful "Mene, mene tekel, upharsin," on the walls of the banquet room of Belshazzar.

Will it be believed? I was yet in the full possession of my senses when this wild notion seized me; or at least I had a perfect consciousness of my own identity. The setting sun shone broadly and strongly through the red curtains that had been drawn to exclude the light, and fell upon the walls opposite to me in crimson lines, that irresistibly recalled to my over-heated brain the letters of fire that brought dismay and death to the heart of the Babylonian king. But I repeat it, I was still in my perfect senses; I knew that I was at St. Heliers, in the Isle of Jersey; I could distinguish all around me; I could count the rapid beatings of my pulse; I knew, too, that the rushing sound below my window was the bursting of the waves upon the beach; and could even argue with myself on all I saw and felt. If that were not real, which my eyes presented as such, what was real? The moon, the sun itself, existed to me but as I saw them; and if sight be the evidence of reality in one case, why not in another? This, therefore, was no more than the prologue to delirium; the thing itself was yet to come.

The physicians had long since gone. The evening declined rapidly, and in those hours, which may be said to linger between light and darkness, I was in a state of comparative quiet. But when night came on—eyeless, voiceless, heavy night!—oh, how inexpressibly wretched then is the chamber of sickness! Darkness made visible by the dim, dull taper, that only serves to light our terrors;—silence so deep, that the low ticking of the clock falls on the ear like rain-drops on stone, fretting and consuming; the array of phials, full and empty;—the clothes long since disused, and now hanging on the frame, from which it is probable the same hand will never again remove them;—the old, hard-featured nurse, whose presence cannot for a moment be separated from the idea of disease and suffering,—the light, ominous click of the death-watch, a fable which health with reason laughs at, but which sickness believes, and trembles while it believes:—all these work upon the mind, and the mind again upon the body, till the brain is excited to delirium. And to that state I was fast tending; I felt it myself, and even tried by reasoning to keep down my rising fancies. But it was all to no purpose; strange shapes began to float about me, while my hands and feet burnt like iron thrice heated in the furnace, and my own touch scorched my own flesh. Those fantastic shadows, too, flung from the various pieces of furniture upon the wall!—how they mocked me by their flitting forms, as the rushlight flickered to and fro under the air!

"Will it never again be morning? Oh, if this long dreary night would only pass! If I could but again see the light of day!—Hark! the clock strikes; another hour is gone!"

I had spoken this aloud; and the nurse, with that gratuitous spirit of information, which infects the old and heartless when the thing to be communicated may give pain, lost no time in setting me right; it was the passing bell I had heard. And what was that to me more than to any one beside? I was not the nearer death because another had just deceased. Had I been capable of reason, there was nothing in this for terror; but, in such cases, we do not reason—we feel.

"Only the passing bell!" I said, repeating her words—"only—the bell that calls the worm to a new feast! Oh, for morning—morning!—when will it be morning?—I say, what is the hour?"

"Ten, Sir; it has just struck. But you had better try to sleep."

"No more than ten! I thought it had been three at least.—Sleep, you say? Aye, but how can I, when that fellow grins at me so horribly, and the room goes round, and the lights flicker? But you are right; I will go to sleep—to sleep—to sleep!"

I buried my head in the clothes, to shut out the images that harassed me, and for a time slept, or seemed to sleep. It was, however, only for a short time—perhaps an hour—perhaps a few minutes—I know not; but time grows longer as we approach the grave, as the shadows increase in the decline of day.

The sound of trumpets startled me from my broken slumber. I was in Rome, a Roman amongst Romans, with no other consciousness of individual being than what belonged to that moment; yet memory and fancy had strangely wrought together, confounding men and things, times and places. War had fixed his throne in the capital, and bound his brow with the crown of victory. Men neither thought nor spoke of anything but battle and triumph; they were the only measure of glory—the sole object for which we lived. The wealth of nations was constantly pouring through the streets, either as tribute or as plunder, to satisfy a spirit that was insatiable, and to swell a pride that was already towering to the clouds. What were kings, rich with barbaric gold and pearl, to the meanest of us, though our rags were an offence to earth and heaven?—to us, the citizens of eternal Rome? *Our* eagles waved over them, to defend or to devour; *our* senate gave them laws, either as slaves or allies.—And who lent wings to those eagles, or gave voice to that senate, but ourselves—the children of eternal Rome? It was told us by our tribunes; it was repeated by our consuls; it was engraved upon our banners, that spoke neither of tribunes nor of consuls, but of the senate and the Roman people; while the tremendous Cabala, the S. P. Q. R., spread terror amongst the remotest nations of the world. We might want for bread, but we never wanted for that food which pampers the spirit, and elevates poor mortality above the level of earth. Slaves in gold and purple might flatter kings, but our flatterers were the conquerors of kings; they were heroes and demigods, the bravest, and the wisest, and the noblest of the earth, and yet were fain to put on the garments of humility, showing their scars and counting their deserts to win our favour. Wherever our eyes turned, they were saluted with the monuments of our glory—the records of a conquered world. There was no pause, no stagnation of existence with us; our tide of life rolled onward like a torrent, foaming, boiling, and sparkling, amidst the shouts of victory, the glitter of triumph, the pageantry of festivals, the eloquence of the senate, the tumult of the forum, the crowning of one hero, the immolation of another;—amidst crimes that, from their greatness and their motives, shone out like virtues—and virtues which wore the bloody hue of crimes—but both crimes and virtues such as none but a Roman could have had the head to imagine, or the heart to execute. Such was our every-day life; but the present day was one of even more than usual interest. The formidable eagles were passing out at one gate with their mailed legions to distant battle; while, at another, Pompey, and Scipio, and Camillus, and Cæsar, and the conqueror of Corioli, were returning victorious in the midst of rejoicing multitudes. The kings and warriors of many nations, from India to Britain, followed their triumphant wheels; and in the faces of those kings and warriors might be read defeat, and shame, and wrath, and captivity. The masses of human life grew yet denser; the clamour of triumph swelled louder and louder, peal after peal, incessant, like the bursting of a stormy sea upon the shore. I saw a king—he who a few days before had ruled a world, who had been the joy or the terror of more millions than Rome could count thousands—I saw him, this mighty one, dash out his brains, in the impatience of despair, with his fetters; and the many around shouted applauses on the noble deed, as if it had been a mimic death on the public stage; but, in the next moment, the glorious suicide was forgotten, the pageant passed on, and the marching legions trampled with indifference on the corse, till it became a portion of the highway.

In the midst of this swelling pageant, and while the temples were yet reeking with incense, I was sensible, though I knew not why, that I had become the object of general awe and hatred. Men scowled as they passed by me, and drew their garments more closely to them, to avoid the contamination of my nearness, as if I had carried plague and pestilence in my touch; or else turned pale with terror, and hurried on, as they would have fled from the path of the aspic. Still I kept on my way without stop or question, the startling crowd dividing before me like the water before the prow of a vessel when the gale is at the highest, till I found myself in the senate-house. A general murmur arose at my appearance, and all simultaneously started up from the bench on which I had seated myself, and passed over to the opposite side, where Cato sate lowering hatred and defiance, and Cicero was watching me with his keen, eagle eyes, while his whole frame trembled with visible emotion. I knew that I was Catiline, with the will to be lord of the city, or to lay it in ruins—I recked not which—and the dread and loathing I inspired was sweeter to me than flattery. Rome, that feared nothing else, feared me. I rejoiced that it was so; I could have laughed, but for prudence, at the majestic horrors of Cato—the doubtful brow of Cæsar, who loved the treason, though he shrank from its danger—and the spare face of the consul, bleached with his midnight terrors, and not yet seeming quite assured of his safety, even when bucklered round with his friends. But even then, while my heart was swelling with present and expected triumph, the orator arose and thundered in my ears the terrible "Quousque tandem, Catilina;" and a thousand voices re-echoed with deafening roar, "Quousque tandem—quousque tandem!" It was like the unholy spell of some wizard. The images of the gods, the marbles of the illustrious dead, in temple and in porch, in the forum and in the senate, all at that sound became instinct with life, and cried out with the pale orator, "Quousque—quousque!" I endeavoured to reply, to defend myself, to hurl back defiance on the wretched peasant of Arpinum, who had dared to brand a Roman and a noble; but my voice was no more, amidst the tumult, than the voice of a child would be to the cataract, or the ravings of the tempest. I was stunned, beaten to the earth, by the mighty congregation of sounds; my eyes dazzled; my brain shook; and down I toppled—down—down—a precipice as deep as from heaven to earth, catching at every thing in the long descent to break my fall. But all was in vain; the stoutest oaks snapped under my grasp, like the dried reeds of autumn; the ponderous masses of jutting rock sank from my tread like hills of sand. The weight of some strange crime was upon me; and, loaded as I was, nothing was so stout as could give my foot a resting-place.

Unconsciousness, or sleep, its counterfeit, dropt a curtain between me and this stage of suffering, and again the shadows of my delirium took another form. I was in a spacious theatre, where the earlier events of the French revolution were being represented, till, by degrees, that which at first had been no more than a show, became reality; and I, who had only been a spectator, was converted into an actor, and called upon to do and suffer. Sometimes I paraded the streets with the infuriated mob, shouting "Ca ira" and the Marseillois Hymn; while, at others, I was the doomed object of popular hatred, and had a thousand hair-breadth escapes from the guillotine, which was going on incessantly by night and day, till the kennels ran with gore, and Paris had the look and smell of one huge slaughter-house. Still the cry was for blood—"more blood!" The sun itself refused to shine any longer on the polluted city. It was the third morning, and still no other light appeared in the sky, but a broad crimson moon, in which Paris, with its deeds of death, was reflected as in a mirror suspended above our heads. This sign, however, prodigious as it was, had no effect except on a few weaker spirits; in general, the yells of blasphemy only became so much the louder and the fiercer; for, the people were drunk with sin and blood as with new wine, and reeled along the streets like Atys and the frantic crew of Cybele in olden times, when their limbs were wet with recent gore, the foul offerings to the unknown goddess. A pale priest, venerable from his grey locks and placid features—placid even in the midst of all this fearful tumult—pointed with his aged hands to the red sign above, and bade us remember the fate of Nineveh. He was instantly seized by the mob, and dragged towards the scaffold, where the executioner incessantly plied his office, and as each head fell, shrieked, rather than called, to the populace, "Encore un! encore un!" He was the rabid ogre of the fairy tale, who scarcely devours one victim ere he clamours for another. Imagination cannot picture a more loathsome or terrific monster. His face, though still human, bore the same revolting resemblance to the wolf that man, in his worst form, is sometimes found to bear to the monkey; his teeth, or rather fangs, for they were of enormous size, protruded from the bloated, purple lips, that were constantly drawn back and distorted with one eternal grin; his cheeks had the fixedness of marble, with that frightful ashy hue which is only to be found on the face of the dead, and can be compared to nothing living; the colour of his eyes, small, fierce, and burning, could not be distinguished; but they were deeply sunk under huge brows, which, like his head, were utterly bald of hair. In place of all other dress, he wore a winding-sheet, without belt or buckle, that at every movement spread and again closed upon his body, as if it had been a part of himself, and more like the wings of a bat in its action, than the mere waving of a shroud.

The populace thrust forward the poor old priest with clubs and staves towards this monster, much as the keeper of some wild beast thrusts into its den the living victim that is destined to gorge its appetite. In the twinkling of an eye, his head fell; when the man of blood shook his shroud till its swelling folds left his body naked; and holding out to me his long arms, reiterated his incessant cry, "Encore un!" Before the rabble, who were well enough inclined to gratify his wishes, could seize me, I had burst my way through them, and leaving the noise far behind me, had found a refuge in my hotel.

Here I fancied myself safe. I could still hear the shouting of the people, but it was at a distance; and the very sound of danger, thus remote, added to the feeling of security. It was like the idle roaring of the sea, from which we have just escaped, to listen on the safe summit of a rock to its impotent growlings for the prey that has been snatched from it. But what was my dismay, when, on turning to the window, I again saw the shrouded monster's face close to the glass, and heard again his terrific cry, "Encore un!" With a speed such as only horror can give, I darted out of the room, and fled to the topmost chamber of the building, where, if at all, I might reasonably hope to be beyond the reach of this fearful pursuit. But the lock!—the cursed lock that should have shut out mine enemy!—the key was fixed in its rusty wards beyond my power to move it, and, strive all I would, I could not shoot the bolt.

In the midst of my desperate efforts, the key broke—shivered into a thousand pieces, as if it had been glass; and there I stood, hopeless, helpless, without the possibility of further flight. I had reached my utmost limit.

But how could I be blind to those ponderous bolts and bars, that made any lock unnecessary, and were almost too weighty to be lifted? Nothing short of the hand and hammer of a blacksmith, and those too plied for hours, could break down a door with such defences. To draw and fasten them was no more than the work of a single instant; and no sooner was this effected than I felt myself as safe as in a castle of triple brass. In the triumph and excess of my confidence, I flung open the window to look for my baffled enemy, and tauntingly shouted his own cry "Encore un!" A voice, close at my ear, returned the cry, "Encore un!" At that hateful and hated sound, I reeled round as if staggering from a pistol-shot, when—horror!—there was the monster, neither all man, nor all wolf, but an inexplicable compound of both—a thing not to be defined by words; there he was, hanging over me, closing me about with his shroud like a serpent with his folds, his face close to mine. I gave not a moment's thought or look to the depth below, but flung myself from the window, and, without knowing how or why, found myself a prisoner in the Temple, amongst many others, destined like myself to the guillotine.

Never were mirth and misery so intimately blended as amongst us, who could have no other expectation than that of death; whether to-day or to-morrow, was uncertain; but still death by the edge of the axe, and before the week was over. Some wept, and some laughed—some prayed and some danced; and, every time the sun set, its beams fell upon diminished numbers, till myself and four others were all that remained of the hundreds that filled the prison on my entrance.

It was the seventh day. Of our little band it was doubtful who, if any, would see the next morning; and this very circumstance, this community of near danger, had linked our hearts more closely than years of friendship could have done, though cemented by rank and fortune. But this tie, close as it might be, was destined in a few hours only to be snapped asunder by the hand that, sooner or later, breaks all ties. The last rays of the sun were dimly melting into shadow, when my companions were summoned to attend their judges—a summons that was in itself equivalent to a sentence of death; for with such judges, to try was to condemn. We all felt it to be so. Our farewells were accordingly warm and earnest, like those of men who were parting never to meet; and in a few minutes I was left to the solitude of my dungeon.

Night came on. I knew that I had not another day to live, and could count the hours between the present moment and the time when I should cease to be; a knowledge which, whether it be a curse or a blessing, is granted to none save the criminal doomed to expiate on earth his offences against the children of earth. My fancy laboured with a thousand schemes of escape, none perhaps absolutely impracticable, but all improbable, and such only as a prisoner would conceive with the immediate fear of death before his eyes.

In the midst of these imaginings, I was struck by a light, shining through a crevice, as it seemed, of the prison door. Life and liberty were in the pale glimmer. I started up to examine it, and found that the jailer, in his hurry, or in his intoxication—a state that always prevailed with him more or less, towards the evening—had turned the key in the lock without first fairly closing the door, so that the bolt had been shot beside the staple. Here, then, was a chance of escape when I least expected it, if the occasion were only boldly, wisely, and seasonably employed. Boldly and in good time I resolved to use it; whether wisely or not, the result would show. Leaving my dungeon, I entered a long winding corridor, and after passing through an empty room of somewhat less dimensions than the one which I had just quitted, at length found it terminate in a sort of porch or hall, closed by the great gate of the prison, the only obstacle that now remained between me and freedom. It was, however, guarded, and trebly guarded by locks, bolts, and bars, all of the most formidable calibre; but the jailer, with the keys at his girdle, and his hat slouched over his face so as to conceal his features, sat in an arm-chair before a blazing wood fire, which roared up the chimney, and danced in broad light upon the walls. The cigar that he had been smoking hung loosely in his hand, half-burnt out; and by his side was a rough deal-table on three legs, scored and stained with the marks of former debauchery, and now set out with a horn jug and a flagon, that, by the smell, had contained brandy—thus proving the fixedness of his habits, while all round him was changing, not only from day to day, but from hour to hour, and, it might almost be said, from minute to minute.

I listened, and was convinced that the man slept; but, besides that his slumber was far from sound, as was evident from his disturbed breathing and the occasional lifting of his arms, I could hardly hope, under any circumstances, to detach the keys from his belt, and undo the ponderous bolts and bars, without awaking him. There was but little time for choice or reflection. Such an opportunity was not likely to last long, and still less to occur a second time, so that what I did I must do quickly. To murder him was all that was left to me, and, seeing no cause to hesitate when the alternative was his life or mine, I drew from my bosom a knife, that, by some negligence on the part of the searchers, I had been fortunate enough to retain. In another instant he had been with the dead. I raised my arm to strike; but just then he seemed to be awaking. I paused; there was a smothered laugh beneath the hat, and, strange to say, it thrilled through me. I trembled from head to foot; but there was no time to be lost, and the weapon glittered in its descent—when the appalling cry, "Encore un!" again burst upon my ear, striking me almost senseless. The cloak and hat dropped from the supposed sleeper; and there again was the untiring monster, in all his hideousness! For an instant we gazed on each other, without words and without motion. I had no power either to stir or speak—to deprecate his approach, or to fly from it.

The spell slowly dissolved. I crept, or rather glided from him, my eyes still fixed upon his visage, till the wall prevented further flight. I was now like a stag at bay. He began to move in his turn. With a long, measured stride, he put forth one foot, and it came again to the floor with the sound of an enormous hammer on an anvil. There, for the space of a minute, he paused, fixing me with his fierce red eyes, that seemed to burn with some unholy fire. He took a second step, slow and changing as the first—a third—a fourth!—and the fifth brought him close to me—ay, so close, that I could look into those terrible eyes and see myself imaged there. And I did so; I could not help it, in spite of the horror with which they inspired me.

His shroud now folded round me—tighter—tighter—till the hair stood erect upon my head, and my breast laboured to bursting. I struggled and struggled, under the horrible sense of suffocation, while he folded me yet more closely, his voice sounding all the time, "Encore un!"

The catastrophe of this fearful struggle was lost to me in a rapid succession of visions, that came more or less distinct, and again melted away, like those fantastic forms which the clouds build up in a summer's evening, when the winds are high, and the sun is sinking amidst a world of vapours. I skimmed the air with the birds; I dived into the waters with the sea mew; or floated on its surface with a fleet of gallant barks, that were sailing to some unknown land, which no one could name, but which all knew to be the land of the sun, where the spice grew like acorns, and the stones of the highway were emeralds, and diamonds. As we neared it, the air grew softer, the skies brighter, the waters clearer: it was a world unlike the world we had left, not in degree, but in kind; and the feelings it excited, required a new language for their expression. But even then the scene faded. I was burning at the stake by the side of the Huguenots, surrounded by thousands, who in general did not, or dared not, pity us, though the faces of many were convulsed with eager horror; and here and there the features of some young female, in despite of beads and rosary, expressed a sympathy with our fate. The flames from the new-lit faggots hissed like serpents. Anon, before the fires, that wrapt us as with a garment, were burnt out, I was tossing on the waters of the Polar-Sea, amidst mountains of blue ice, whose tops were in the clouds. The surge dashed and broke upon these colossal masses as upon so many rocks of granite. On a sudden, a crash like thunder stilled the mutinous billows. The huge icebergs were rent and shivered, and their summits dissolved into floods, then came roaring and tumbling down their rugged sides, till all around us was a world of cataracts, and in the pool below, our little bark tossed and eddied like a dry leaf in the whirlwind.

Again the scene changed. I was an Indian prince, hunting the tiger with my attendant rajahs, richer and prouder than the Persian satraps of old, when Xerxes led forth his millions to perish on the Grecian soil, and build up an everlasting record to the glory of the Athenian. The sun set,—and rose,—and again it set,—and still we were following our spotted prey over rock and stone, dashing through rivers and down precipices so steep, the chamois must have broken his neck in the attempt to descend them, till I had at last far—far outstripped my companions of the chase. The tiger was now within a few yards of me. I fired, and wounded him in the flank, as was evident from the gush of blood that followed. The animal turned suddenly round upon me, rearing himself on his hind-legs with a hideous growl that sounded like a human laugh, and,—horror!—there again was the man of blood, with his cry of "Encore un!" Tongue cannot tell, nor brain imagine, the despair, the loathing, the shrinking of soul and body, that I experienced at again coming in contact with this eternal apparition! I called on the sands of the desert, to rise in clouds and bury me—on the mountains to fall and crush me—on the distant ocean, to ascend in a second deluge and swallow me. And my wish seemed likely to be accomplished; for while I was yet in the horrors of his presence, by some inexplicable shifting of the scene I was in Africa, and the past was as if it had never been. On every side, as far as the eye could reach, was sand—nothing but sand—hot and burning sand—which scorched the very soles of the feet, as though I had been walking on molten lava. Suddenly the wind began to howl, and at its voice the fiery mass rolled, and swelled, and surged, and was lifted up as the storm lifts up the sea; but its waves were more like mountains. Then again the unstable mass formed itself into moving columns, and these giants of the desert traversed, or rather swept, the waste with a speed that made flight hopeless. But I was not fated to perish by them. They rolled around me harmless, and, in less than what seemed an hour, all was again calm, and the sun sunk down upon silence—a silence that was lifeless!

A raging thirst tormented me. But no stream was near in the moonlight expanse, and the night of the desert had no dews to moisten my parched lips. Had any benevolent genius stood before me, with an offered diadem in one hand, and a glass of fair water in the other, I had rejected empire and snatched at the more humble boon with rapture. The pains of fire or of steel—and I had felt both within the last few hours—were nothing to the torments of this terrible thirst:—it drank my very life-blood.

In the midst of this unutterable agony, I heard, or thought I heard, the rushing of water. Strange that I had not seen it before! Within a hundred yards of me was an oasis, or island of the desert, covered with a grove of palms, and a remarkable sort of tree, for which I knew no name; but it breathed a fragrance sweeter than all the spicy gales of Araby the Blessed: yet still sweeter to my fancy was the little crystal spring that bubbled from the fur beneath, sparkling, and leaping along over stone and pebble, as if rejoicing in the soft moonlight. If ever there was bliss on earth, it was mine for that brief moment when my eyes first fell upon the stream. But, like every joy beneath the sun, it proved a shadow, an unsubstantial vapour, fading the very instant it was grappled with. When I would have drunk, all was mist and confusion; and then, for awhile, my troubled fancy slept.

There was a blank in my existence—for aught I know for hours. Had I been dead, the mind and body could not have been wrapt in a repose more deep and senseless.

After a time, it seemed to me as if I awoke, from a long, long slumber, all that had passed showing to my memory rather as the dream of sleep than of delirium. On this awaking, I had a distinct perception that I was in my bed room, dangerously ill, if not dying. But a great change had taken place since ten o'clock. In the middle of the chamber was an unfinished coffin, supported by tressels, on which several funeral figures were busily at work, driving in the nails; that were yet deficient, with huge sledge-hammers. Their blows fell fast as hail-stones, striking forth a continued stream of fire, the only light they had to work by; and it lent a horrid hue to their faces, such as belong to the dead rather than to the living.

It was a ghastly sight for a sick man to see these creatures employed upon his own coffin; for that it was intended for me, I knew too well—how, or whence I cannot say—but the conviction was as strong upon me as if I had read my own name upon the lid. The hag of a nurse, too!—she who was paid to watch over my sickness—to guard me from every danger—she, too, was busy amongst them, urging on the work, and giving her directions to those who were prompt enough of themselves without her assistance. It was evidently a labour of love to all concerned in it.

At length their task was finished; not a nail, not a screw, was wanting; every thing was ready but the corse to put in it.

At the striking of the last blow, the owl whooped thrice; and there was a flapping of wings, and the beating of some hard, horny substance against the window.

"He is here!" said one of the men, drawing back the curtain.

And there, indeed, was a monstrous owl, staring at me with his red eyes, and beating the glass impatiently with his wings. The cricket answered from the hearth with a shriller cry; and the death-watch by the side of my bed was louder and faster in his ominous clicking.

A deep silence followed. Nothing but a few minutes, was heard in the chamber but my own breathing, which fear had rendered hard and hurried. The funeral figures stood with uplifted hammers, like men in anxious and momentary expectation; and even the old hag, though her coarse features were distorted with the workings of impatience, yet remained silent.

Again the owl whooped, striking the window so furiously that it rattled in the frame; and again the cricket cried, and the death-watch answered as before. At these signs of increasing impatience, he who had [illegible] again:—

[illegible]

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

THE EXILE'S ADIEU.

[illegible]

Sunday Reading.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

THE LOVELINESS OF CHRIST.

[illegible]

CONSOLATIONS OF PRAYER.

[illegible]

FOR THE LADIES.

[illegible]

TO YOUNG LADIES.

[illegible]

FEMALE BEAUTY IN FRANCE.

[illegible]

A RUINED CITY.

From "Incidents of Travel in Arabia, and the Holy Land."

BY AN AMERICAN.

Petra, the excavated city, the long lost capital of Edom, in the Scriptures and profane writings, in every language in which its name occurs, signifies a rock; and, through the shadows of its early history, we learn that its inhabitants lived in natural clefts or excavations made in the solid rock. Desolate as it now is, we have reason to believe that it goes back to the time of Esau, "the father of Edom;" that princes and dukes, eight successive kings, and again a long line of dukes, dwelt there before any king "reigned in Israel;" and we recognise it from the earliest ages, as the central point to which came the caravans from the interior of Arabia, Persia, and India, laden with all the precious commodities of the East, and from which these commodities were distributed through Egypt, Palestine, and Syria, and all the countries bordering on the Mediterranean, even Tyre and Sidon deriving their purple and dyes from Petra. Eight hundred years before Christ, Amaziah, the king of Judea, "slew of Edom in the valley of Salt, ten thousand, and took Selah (the Hebrew name of Petra) by war."—Three hundred years after the last of the prophets, and nearly a century before the Christian era, the "King of Arabia" issued from his palace at Petra, at the head of fifty thousand men, horse and foot, entered Jerusalem, and uniting with the Jews, pressed the siege of the temple, which was only raised by the advance of the Romans; and in the beginning of the second century, though its independence was lost, Petra was still the capital of a Roman province. After that time it rapidly declined; its history became more and more obscure; for more than a thousand years it was completely lost to the civilized world; and, until its discovery by Burckhard in 1812, except to the wandering Bedouins, its very site was unknown.

And this was the city at whose door I now stood. In a few words, this ancient and extraordinary city is situated within a natural amphitheatre of two or three miles in circumference, encompassed on all sides by rugged mountains five or six hundred feet in height. The whole of this area is now a waste of ruins, dwelling-houses, palaces, temples, and triumphal arches, all prostrate together in undistinguishable confusion. The sides of the mountains are cut smooth in a perpendicular direction, and filled with long and continued ranges of dwelling-houses, temples, and tombs, excavated with vast labor out of the solid rock; and while their summits present Nature in her wildest and most savage form, their bases are adorned with all the beauty of architecture and art, with columns, and porticoes, and pediments, and ranges of corridors, enduring as the mountains out of which they are hewn, and fresh as if the work of a generation scarcely yet gone by.

In front of the great temple, the pride and beauty of Petra, of which more hereafter, I saw a narrow opening in the rocks, exactly corresponding with my conception of the object for which I was seeking. A full stream of water was gushing through it, and filling up the whole mouth of the passage. Mounted on the shoul- [...]

[...] geance. "I have sworn by myself, saith the Lord, that Bozrah (the strong or fortified city) shall become a desolation, a reproach, and a waste, and a curse, and all the cities thereof shall be perpetual waste. Lo, I will make thee small among the heathen, and despised among men. Thy terribleness hath deceived thee, and the pride of thy heart, oh thou that dwellest in the clefts of the rocks, that holdest the height of the hill; though thou shouldst make thy nest as high as the eagle, I will bring thee down from thence, saith the Lord."* "They shall call the nobles thereof to the kingdom, but none shall be there, and all her princes shall be nothing: and thorns shall come up in her palaces, nettles and brambles in the fortresses thereof, and it shall be a habitation for dragons, and a court for owls."†

I would that the skeptic could stand as I did, among the ruins of this city among the rocks, and there open the sacred book and read the words of the inspired penmen, written when this desolate place was one of the greatest cities in the world. I see the scoff arrested, his cheek pale, his lip quivering, and his heart quaking with fear, as the ruined city cries out to him in a voice loud and powerful as that of one risen from the dead; though he would not believe Moses and the prophets, he believes the handwriting of God himself, in the desolation and eternal ruin around him.

* Jeremiah xlix. 13, 16. † Isaiah xxxiv. 14, 15.

Saturday Evening Post.

MAY 20, 1837.

To Readers and Correspondents.

We are indebted to Mr. R. Hamilton, for a poetical favour, which will tend to increase the high reputation, in which the literary attainments of this gentleman are held by the public.

"Eternity," by S. W. Stockton, will not need any commendation of ours to render it acceptable to the reader. It will appear soon.

The degraded sensuality displayed in the "Faded Violet," is well calculated to awaken our pity and contempt for the author.

The verses of "Rogers" are certainly original—but we fear that it is their only merit.

"Viola" is rejected.

SMALL NOTES.

An ordinance has passed the City Councils, authorizing the Mayor to borrow $130,000, for which certificates are to be issued, signed by the City Treasurer, in sums designed to supply the want of domestic currency, consequent on the suspension of the specie payment by the banks. These certificates are to be of the denomination of twenty-five cents, fifty cents, and one, two, three, six, seven, and eight dollars. The Corporation of Southwark, are about to adopt the same plan, and in all probability the other Districts will follow the example. This currency no doubt will be quite satisfactory to the people, and will prevent the emission of small notes by irresponsible persons.

Circulating Medium.—The Commissioners of the Northern Liberties, have determined to issue certificates of Loan, to the amount of $50,000, to supply the population of their district, with a safe, legal, and convenient circulating medium.

No Corporation in the County of Philadelphia, enjoys a higher credit, or possess a richer or more intelligent population than that of the Northern Liberties. The ordinance, creating the loan, provides for the reception of these notes in payment of taxes and other dues to the corporation. They will doubtless be received and paid by all the banks and are entitled to full credit from the community. They will be signed by the President and Treasurer of the Board.

[...] and notice of the fact is communicated to the Department, no reasonable efforts will be spared to preserve the public faith inviolate, and to cause them to be otherwise discharged as soon as possible in specie or its equivalent, as the existing laws require; and if returned to the Department and remaining unpaid till the next session of Congress, it will feel bound earnestly to request authority for early means to satisfy them in a manner acceptable to holders.

Circulars to the proper officers, containing particular instructions on this subject, will be prepared and published in a few days.

LEVI WOODBURY.
Sec'y of the Treasury.

Treasury Department,
May 15, 1837.

The Crops.—So much has recently been published in relation to the bad appearance of the grain fields of this and the adjoining States, that it affords us pleasure to give place to the following paragraph from the Columbia (Pa.) Spy of Saturday last:

"We had some conversation a few days ago, with a highly respectable and intelligent farmer, residing in Bainbridge, in this county, from which we have learned that he has ninety acres of his land in wheat, and that, from the present flourishing appearance of his fields, he confidently anticipates a 'full crop.' We wish him success, and that his anticipations may be realized."

The last Wheeling (Va.) Gazette says:—"The season thus far has been of a most favorable character for the crops. Neither fruit nor grain have as yet suffered in the least, either from drought or frost. Our farmers are quite sanguine in their anticipations, and unless the future should prove unfavorable, they will be more than realized."

At a meeting of the officers, and directors of the Miners' Bank of Pottsville, and of the Office of Discount and Deposite at Port Carbon, it was resolved, that it is expedient and necessary to suspend payment in specie for the present.

The Branch of the Pennsylvania Bank here, has suspended specie payments and a meeting of the Directors of the Harrisburg Bank was held, after the news was received from the city, to consult on the measure, and we learn that they have also concluded to suspend specie payments, except for small sums and small notes.—*Harrisburg Telegraph.*

The annunciation that the Banks of Philadelphia have suspended specie payments, was met by a corresponding movement in Berks county. Confidence, notwithstanding, does not seem impaired, and there has been no run upon either of our Banks. In fact the community appears to assent to the necessity without excitement or distrust, and we are happy to find an appearance of such stability in our monied institutions. Berks County having been without the vortex of speculation, feels the pressure of the times less, perhaps, than almost any other county in the state.—*Reading Jour.*

Fatal Accident.—We learn that on Wednesday, the 5th ult. James, a youth of about seventeen years of age, son of Mr. Brown, of Morgan county, Ky. came to his death under the following painful circumstances: [...]

The German papers give an amusing account of the successful dexterity of a young author at Berlin, who, by the skilful management of his powers of reasoning, contrived to carry off two prizes which had been offered by learned bodies for the best essays upon the opposite sides of the same question. The subject in contention was that of what is called the homœopathic system in medicine—a subject upon which the medical men very generally throughout the continent appear now to be fairly at loggerheads. The faculty of medicine at Riga, it seems, lately offered a prize of 100 ducats for the best treatise upon, and in favor of, the system in question. The faculty of medicine at St. Petersburg, on the other hand, and about the same time, offered a prize of 60 golden Fredericks for the strongest proofs that it was a delusion. Under these circumstances a smart young surgeon at Berlin stepped forward, and, incognito to both, by treating his subject to suit their different tastes, succeeded in assuring the doctors of Riga that homœopathy was not a system of quackery, and of convincing those of St. Petersburg that it was. As the candidate-essays were anonymous, and very little direct intercourse between the two societies, it was of course not known that the favorite reasoner cut with a two edged sword; but now that the discovery has been made, it has subjected those learned doctors to very general banter throughout Germany.

Cat Eaters.—Some years ago, for a wager of $50, a fellow who lived near the race course of Kildare, in Ireland, devoured five fox cubs, and literally began each while alive. It is, however, to be observed that the devourer was a natural fool, having been born deaf, dumb, and without a palate. Another story is told, that a shepherd at Beverly, in Yorkshire about eleven years ago, for a bet of five pounds, was produced, who was to devour a living cat. The one produced was a large black tom cat, which had [...]

EPITOME OF THE TIMES.

[...]

VARIETIES

To Agents and Subscribers.

☞ Agents who have funds in their hands are respectfully requested to make remittance, (stating the amounts received from individuals and places,) and to collect the arrearages due, agreeably to the terms published in every number. The detention of receipts, by which the subscriptions are not duly credited for cash paid, must unfavorably embarrass publishers.

We have again to request that the subscribers will have the kindness at the beginning of the new year, and as if there is not something due the proprietor.

An immense amount is due, and ought long since to have been paid. We shall be compelled against our inclination, to discontinue the papers of many who are long in arrears—and hope they will then take the hint and make satisfaction.

If any of our subscribers, who have paid regularly, or their papers discontinued unexpectedly, they will attribute it to the right source, the neglect of the agents in transmitting the funds.

In general, it is not worth our while to discontinue the second day. It is hoped that each and every one will pay up.

JOHNSON'S SATURDAY EVENING POST

PHILADELPHIA

Saturday, May 20, 1837.

FASHION.

Mr. James H. Stuart, of this city has published a plate of Summer Fashions, wherein are duly noted the various changes and improvements, recently made in the costume of the fair inhabitants of London and Paris. Drawings and descriptions for their proper fashioning and adjustment are likewise appended, which are considered and ingenious. As the ladies will soon be taking further knowledge thereof, will be out find it to the place of the advertisements!

Mr. BIDDLE'S LETTER.

The President of the United States Bank has published a letter to John Q. Adams, three in the columns of the National Gazette, on the subject of the existing difficulties of the times.—His remarks are plain, brief and sensible, without suggesting any remedies for the speedy restoration of confidence, yet recommending a course that will ultimately tend towards effecting this object. From the circumstance we have seen that the banks had decided upon a curtailment of discounts—a measure that is to be regretted, while it is evidently the only course that can be pursued to bring about a speedy resumption of Specie Payments.

PUBLIC OPINION.

The general unanimity of opinion regarding the recent measures of the banks has not extended so far as to prevent the unreasonable that might have been supposed on taking into consideration, the evident necessity of the plan they have adopted. There is a strong manifestation of suspicion and discontent on the part of the poorer classes of the population, and it has been freely expressed in several instances. Among these we may mention the meeting at the Independence Square, where sundry resolutions expressive of disapprobation of the course pursued by the banks were offered for adoption. One question in causing small notes, were passed unanimously. A committee was appointed to visit these institutions, and to request them to resume payment of specie, but in case of their refusal, to use legal measures to accept them. It is with pleasure we state that such intimation of the meeting was unnecessary, and the great excitement under which the meeting was held, no disposition to disorder or riot was manifested, but on the contrary the proceedings were conducted throughout with the greatest quiet and decorum. What effect the proposed measure of appeal to the Banks has had we are not able to say. The result of the committee will be delivered at the place of meeting on Monday next.

Every mail brings us an accounts of fresh suspension on the part of the Banks, throughout the United States. This is a step entirely unlooked of the kind in the Union will have ceased to redeem its notes. The law of necessity is paramount to all laws.

Last week we noticed the sale of which we shall some boys playing with it, it proved under the hammer of the auctioneer—here's a winner going, he drew from the bidding, and the trade, so it was sold, "and the work" confessed had been trading with the seller.

know—what do you

rs, sir.

sound dollars.—no,

you to take notes in change, sir, you know

ney, I say, sir.

replied the money, Bjonne you don't have

ll but I will have it, ughly sure of it.

oon a hot there, you'd like to walk

hurry, do you not

ith the trade, sir.

ll, "said the work-

ly good" continued had been trading with

the seller.

ers work of one of which we observed, ornamented with large

ntsmen loading—

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A cotton factory in Warren county, N. J. was struck with lightning, on Saturday week, and $30,000 worth of property destroyed in the conflagration that ensued.

CONGRESS.

The proclamation of the President for convening Congress in September, will be found in another column. The call is very unexpected to all the country, as no intimation of the kind in the Union will have ceased to redeem its notes. The law of necessity is paramount to all laws.

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Specie to the amount of $177,000 was received New Orleans from Tampico on the 30th inst. Every amount was in progress from the mines the latter place, under the escort of the U. S. Steamboat Fulton. We have however attacked by bandits in passage and narrowly escaped falling into hands of the robbers, under the circumstances would probably be delayed as the news of the affair at Matamoras had reached there, and occasioned much agitation against the resident foreigners, if more particularly the Americans and Texians. War will not be the policy of either government at present while they are occupied in the interior hostilities with the Banditti—there is nothing of interest from Texas.

POPULAR FEELING IN NEW YORK.

The New York Commercial states that the Director of that Port, has gone on to Washington in order to obtain some modification of the order to receive only specie in payment of duties, or in case the plan was to be continued, to change his situation at once. The District Attorney has also written to the effect that the order cannot be enforced in that city, and that it is necessary to carry it into effect by proceedings those who refuse compliance to its regulations, he will be compelled to do.

The Corporation of New York have refused to the small notes on the ground of the inability of such a measu e to counteract the extra demand suspension. They recommend an appeal to the legislature for an act authorizing the issue, on account of the confidence with the notes would be received by all classes.

The Legislature of Maryland has also met, and legislative body of that state is still in session upon.

Governor Veazey of Maryland arrived in Boston last week with the intention of making a communication to the Legislature, but circumstances render it necessary.

MEXICO.

The latest accounts from this quarter possess but little interest. It seems that the Natchez Texas War of Texas Federal Army, has retired to Matamoras to demand the release of the Texians, detained by order of the Mexican Government. The demand was made by Colonel Thompson, who was deputed as a messenger to the Texians in port, demanding its surrender. The Mexican Captain refused to obey, was compelled by force. The United States immediately fired a shot over the brig, disarmed, boarded down her colors. This has taken possession of. The Mexicans fired a second ether, lying in the harbour, opening but ineffectual fire upon the Natchez, which returned with a broadside that soon fractured her starboard cable, and the Natchez fell under way, leaving the smaller vessel in disguising the Texians.

The prompt and determined conduct of Captain of the Natchez is deserving of all and no doubt will be fully sustained by

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE OF THE U. S. POST.

SPAIN.

Extract from the Journal of an Officer of the U. S. Navy, dated

NAPLES, JULY 4th, 1836.

I neglected mentioning in my view of Malon, that the day previous to our departure, we were honoured with the company, as a visitor, of one who has shone a conspicuous star in the Constellation of naval worthies, and was then employing a short respite from civil duties, which have placed his star still higher in the ascendancy, by his judicious exertions, and that—I need scarcely mention the name of Porter;—for who has forgotten the little Essex, and her distant bearings in Valparaiso—or who cannot call to mind the dignified and efficient conduct of her Commander on that, as on subsequent occasions? But add to these the benevolent and *filiarly* course he pursued then, and since, in relation to his junior officers, (in direct conflict with the present system,) and his character will remain a great and elevated stand, though its jealousy cannot be properly appreciated. He was received on board, as he should be—the yards manned, an appropriate salute, and three long, loud, and hearty cheers.

At anchor in 13 fathoms water, with 70 of chain, the different bearings noted, and the crew more comfortably engaged than before. Received "*pratique*," (i. e. the ship out of quarantine,) and ourselves at liberty to visit the shore,) suspended all duty, spliced the main brace, and at meridian fired a salute of 21 guns, in memoration of our National Independence.

The Bay of Naples, in my opinion, justly claims the character of a superb harbour, and the most beautiful harbour in the world; at least, so far as I am enabled to judge, from the description I have seen, of those harbours, which I have not myself visited. Views are generally magnificent, and to an individual capable of delineating the variegated beauties of its scenery, replete with interest, would afford pleasure, properly described and arranged; it could not fail to elicit the most unlimited admiration. But as the object of my pen is to follow the motions of the ship, independently of my inability to do justice to the scenes I have witnessed, I must content myself with but few digressions from its ordinary course, and those but few and loose, to the most prominent features of the scenery. To me, the most attractive object upon entering the Bay, is the Island of Capri, which, though far from corresponding with the appearance, which an excited imagination had led me to expect it possessed, has still sufficient interest, by the aid of a glass, to command my attention. While it attracts the view, it brings also vividly to recollection, the powerful effects of its earthquakes—the destruction of the once splendid cities of Pompeii and Herculaneum, the knowledge of whose former splendour is not confined to historic lore, but assisted by the valuable excavations which modern ingenuity has devised.

Upon contemplating its former effects, I had expected that the present would exhibit large bodies of fire: though I did not, of course suppose its emanations to be of the same nature, as in former days. But on the contrary, I found it differing from the latter in the anomalous, not its immense magnitude, and an inconsiderable discharge of smoke from its summit, which at night had the appearance of a large, but moderate fire. Once or twice however, during our stay, small sheets of fire blazed out in the night; but they were momentary, and almost instantaneously lost to the view, and were not seen in the

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BY AN AMERICAN.

Petra, the excavated city, the long lost capital of Edom, in the Scriptures and profane writings, in every language in which its name occurs, signifies a rock; and, through the shadows of its early history, we learn that its inhabitants lived in natural clefts or excavations made in the solid rock. Desolate as it now is, we have reason to believe that it goes back to the time of Esau, "the father of Edom;" that princes and dukes, eight successive kings, and again a long line of dukes, dwelt there before any king "reigned in Israel;" and we recognise it from the earliest ages, as the central point to which came the caravans from the interior of Arabia, Persia, and India, laden with all the precious commodities of the East, and from which these commodities were distributed through Egypt, Palestine, and Syria, and all the countries bordering on the Mediterranean, even Tyre and Sidon deriving their purple and dyes from Petra. Eight hundred years before Christ, Amaziah, the king of Judea, "slew of Edom in the valley of Salt, ten thousand, and took Selah (the Hebrew name of Petra) by war."—Three hundred years after the last of the prophets, and nearly a century before the Christian era, the "King of Arabia" issued from his palace at Petra, at the head of fifty thousand men, horse and foot, entered Jerusalem, and uniting with the Jews, pressed the siege of the temple, which was only raised by the advance of the Romans; and in the beginning of the second century, though its independence was lost, Petra was still the capital of a Roman province. After that time it rapidly declined: its history became more and more obscure; for more than a thousand years it was completely lost to the civilized world; and, until its discovery by Burckhard in 1812, except to the wandering Bedouins, its very site was unknown.

And this was the city at whose door I now stood. In a few words, this ancient and extraordinary city is situated within a natural amphitheatre of two or three miles in circumference, encompassed on all sides by rugged mountains five or six hundred feet in height. The whole of this area is now a waste of ruins, dwelling-houses, palaces, temples, and triumphal arches, all prostrate together in undistinguishable confusion. The sides of the mountains are cut smooth, in a perpendicular direction, and filled with long and continued ranges of dwelling-houses, temples, and tombs, excavated with vast labor out of the solid rock; and while their summits present Nature in her wildest and most savage form, their bases are adorned with all the beauty of architecture and art, with columns, and porticoes, and pediments, and ranges of corridors, enduring as the mountains out of which they are hewn, and fresh as if the work of a generation scarcely yet gone by.

In front of the great temple, the pride and beauty of Petra, of which more hereafter, I saw a narrow opening in the rocks, exactly corresponding with my conception of the object for which I was seeking. A full stream of water was gushing through it, and filling up the whole mouth of the passage. Mounted on the shoulders of one of my Bedouins, I got him to carry me through the swollen stream of the mouth of the opening, and set me down on a dry place a little above, whence I began to pick my way, occasionally taking to the shoulders of my follower, and continued to advance more than a mile. I was beyond all peradventure in the great entrance I was seeking. There could not be two such, and I should have gone on to the extreme end of the ravine, but my Bedouin suddenly refused me the further use of his shoulders. He had been some time objecting and begging me to return, and now positively refused to go any farther, and, in fact, turned about himself. I was anxious to proceed, but I did not like wading up to my knees in the water, nor did I feel very resolute to go where I might expose myself to danger, as he seemed to intimate. While I was hesitating, another of my men came running up the ravine, and shortly after him Paul and the sheik, breathless with haste, and crying in low gutterals, "El Arab! El Arab!"—The Arabs! the Arabs! This was enough for me. I had heard so much of El Arab that I had become nervous. It was like the cry of Delilah in the ears of the sleeping Samson, "The Philistines be upon thee." At the other end of the ravine was an encampment of the El Alouins; and the sheik, having due regard to my communication about money matters, had shunned this entrance to avoid bringing upon me this horde of tribute gatherers for a participation in the spoils. Without any disposition to explore farther, I turned towards the city; and it was now that I began to feel the powerful and indelible impression that must be produced on entering, through this mountainous passage, the excavated city of Petra.

For about two miles it lies between high and precipitous ranges of rocks from five hundred to a thousand feet in height, standing as if torn asunder by some great convulsion, and barely wide enough for two horsemen to pass abreast. A swelling stream rushes between them; the summits are wild and broken; in some places overhanging the opposite sides, casting the darkness of night upon the narrow defile; then receding and forming an opening above, through which a strong ray of light is thrown down, and illuminates with the blaze of day the frightful chasm below. Wild fig-trees, oleanders, and ivy were growing out of the rocky sides of the cliffs hundreds of feet above our heads; the eagle was screaming above us; all along were the open doors of tombs, forming the great Necropolis of the city; and at the extreme end, was a large open space, with a powerful body of light thrown down upon it, and exhibiting, in one full view, the facade of a beautiful temple hewn out of the rock, with rows of Corinthian columns and ornaments, standing out firm and clear as if but yesterday from the hands of the sculptor. Though coming directly fresh from the banks of the Nile, where the preservation of the temples excites the admiration and astonishment of every traveller, we were roused and excited by the extraordinary beauty and excellent condition of the great temple at Petra. Even in coming upon it as we did, at disadvantage, I remember that Paul, who was a passionate admirer of the arts, when he first obtained a glimpse of it, involuntarily cried out, and moving on to the front with a vivacity I never saw him exhibit before or afterward, clapped his hands and shouted in ecstacy. To the last day of our being together, he was in the habit of referring to his extraordinary fit of enthusiasm when he first came upon that temple; and I can well imagine that, entering by this narrow defile, with the feelings roused by its extraordinary and romantic wildness and beauty, the first view of that superb facade must produce an effect which could never pass away. Even now that I have returned to the pursuits and thought-engrossing incidents of a life in the busiest city in the world, often in situations as widely different as light from darkness, I see before me the facade of that temple; neither the Colosseum at Rome, grand and interesting as it is, nor the ruins of the Acropolis at Athens, nor the Pyramids, nor the mighty temples of the Nile, are so often present to my memory.

Leaving the temple and the open area on which it fronts, and following the stream, we entered another defile much broader than the first, on each side of which were ranges of tombs, with sculptured doors and columns; and on the left, in the bosom of the mountains hewn out of the solid rock, is a large theatre, circular in form, the pillars in front fallen, and containing thirty-three rows of seats, capable of containing more than three thousand persons. Above the corridor was a range of doors opening to chambers in the rocks, the seats of the princes and wealthiest inhabitants of Petra, and not unlike a row of private boxes in a modern theatre.

The whole theatre is at this day in such a state of preservation, that if the tenants of the tombs could once more rise into life, they might take their old places on its seats, and listen to the declamation of their favorite player. To me the stillness of a ruined city is nowhere so impressive as when sitting on the steps of its theatre, once thronged with the gay and pleasure-seeking, but now given up to solitude and desolation. Day after day these seats had been filled, and the now silent rocks had echoed to the applauding shouts of thousands; and little could an ancient Edomite imagine that a solitary stranger, from a then unknown world, would one day be wandering among the ruins of his proud and wonderful city, meditating upon the fate of a race that has for ages passed away.—Where are ye, inhabitants of this desolate city? ye who once sat on the seats of this theatre, the young, the high-born, the beautiful and brave; who once *rejoiced* in your riches and power, and lived as if there was no grave!—Where are ye now? Even the very tombs, whose open doors are stretching away in long ranges before the eyes of the wandering traveller, cannot reveal the mystery of your doom: your dry bones are gone; the robber has invaded your graves, and your very ashes have been swept away to make room for the wandering Arab of the desert.

But we need not stop at the days when a gay population were crowding to this theatre. In the earliest periods of recorded time, long before this theatre was built, and long before the tragic muse was known, a great city stood here. When Esau, having sold his birthright for a mess of pottage, came to his portion among the mountains of Seir; and Edom, growing in power and strength, became presumptuous and haughty, until, in her pride, when Israel prayed a passage through her country, Edom said unto Israel, "Thou shalt not pass by me, lest I come out against thee with the sword."

Amid all the terrible denunciations against the land of Idumea, "her cities and the inhabitants thereof," this proud city among the rocks, doubtless for its extraordinary sins, was always marked as a subject of extraordinary vengeance. "I have sworn by myself, saith the Lord, that Bozrah (the strong or fortified city) shall become a desolation, a reproach, and a waste, and a curse, and all the cities thereof shall be perpetual waste. Lo, I will make thee small among the heathen, and despised among men. Thy terribleness hath deceived thee, and the pride of thy heart, oh thou that dwellest in the clefts of the rocks, that holdest the height of the hill; though thou shouldst make thy nest as high as the eagle, I will bring thee down from thence, saith the Lord."* "They shall call the nobles thereof to the kingdom, but none shall be there, and all her princes shall be nothing: and thorns shall come up in her palaces, nettles and brambles in the fortresses thereof, and it shall be a habitation for dragons, and a court for owls."†

I would that the skeptic could stand as I did, among the ruins of this city among the rocks, and there open the sacred book and read the words of the inspired penmen, written when this desolate place was one of the greatest cities in the world. I see the scoff arrested, his cheek pale, his lip quivering, and his heart quaking with fear, as the ruined city cries out to him in a voice loud and powerful as that of one risen from the dead; though he would not believe Moses and the prophets, he believes the handwriting of God himself, in the desolation and eternal ruin around him.

* Jeremiah xlix. 13, 16. † Isaiah xxxiv. 14, 15.

Saturday Evening Post.

MAY 20, 1837.

To Readers and Correspondents.

We are indebted to Mr. R. HAMILTON, for a poetical favour, which will tend to increase the high reputation, in which the literary attainments of this gentleman are held by the public.

"Eternity," by S. W. STOCKTON, will not need any commendation of ours to render it acceptable to the reader. It will appear soon.

The degraded sensuality displayed in the "Faded Violet," is well calculated to awaken our pity and contempt for the author.

The verses of "Rogers" are certainly original—but we fear that it is their only merit.

"Viola" is rejected.

SMALL NOTES.

An ordinance has passed the City Councils, authorizing the Mayor to borrow $130,000, for which certificates are to be issued, signed by the City Treasurer, in sums designed to supply the want of domestic currency, consequent on the suspension of the specie payment by the banks. These certificates are to be of the denomination of twenty-five cents, fifty cents, and one, two, three, six, seven, and eight dollars. The Corporation of Southwark, are about to adopt the same plan, and in all probability the other Districts will follow the example. This currency no doubt will be quite satisfactory to the people, and will prevent the emission of small notes by irresponsible persons.

Circulating Medium.—The Commissioners of the Northern Liberties, have determined to issue certificates of Loan, to the amount of $50,000, to supply the population of their district, with a safe, legal, and convenient circulating medium.

No Corporation in the County of Philadelphia, enjoys a higher credit, or possess a richer or more intelligent population than that of the Northern Liberties. The ordinance, creating the loan, provides for the reception of these notes in payment of taxes and other dues to the corporation. They will doubtless be received and paid by all the banks and are entitled to full credit from the community. They will be signed by the President and Treasurer of the Board.

From the U. S. Gazette of Monday.

THE EXECUTION.

Less interest appears to have been taken in the execution of young MORAN, than in any event of the kind that has ever taken place in our city. The subject has been but seldom noticed by the press, and many individuals appear unconscious altogether, or to have forgotten that a fellow being was breathing and moving in our midst, in the full enjoyment of health and all the vigor of youth, who in a few days was destined to expiate his crimes by a sudden and ignominious death upon the gallows. The editor of the Pennsylvania Sentinel had visited the prisoner, whose execution was fixed for the 19th of this month. From the narrative of his interview, we copy the following.

"In bodily health, he had undergone no change since his incarceration;—he had lost no flesh, and his countenance had a clear look, in which the blood plays freely, not florid, but by no means cadaverous, nor did it evince any of the workings of a mind, preyed upon by care, conscious of guilt or apprehensive of a sudden thrust out of existence."

"He was neither sullen nor moody—there is neither ferocity, malignity, nor moroseness, depicted in his face nor nothing whatever which would indicate either hardened villany, or a long course of crime.—To see him, as other men are seen, no one would suppose that he could be guilty of the crime imputed to him. He looks like a simple youth, whom few would hesitate to trust. He did not appear sanguine as to a pardon, but seems to think that the law must be fulfilled, and that his hold on life is of short tenure. He converses without much hesitation, talks of his former life, and says he had a presentiment of evil when he first went on board of the vessel. He says, no doubt the world will impute to him many crimes, but he never was in difficulty before, for although wild, and restless, he never pursued a criminal life."

THE PRESIDENT'S PROCLAMATION.

It will be perceived by the following Proclamation, that the President has resolved to convene Congress, on the first of September next. It will be recollected by our readers, that in his reply to the Committee from New York, he expressly declined so doing, and stated that his reason for the declension was the imperfect state of the representation in that body. The evil which he was then called on to relieve, has since increased in violence. A tornado has swept across the land prostrating every impediment to its course. Individuals of undoubted solvency have stopped payment, whilst in the possession of ample means to pay, for the mere want of a circulating medium. Whole cities have become insolvent.

The Banks our safeguard and reliance to a certain extent have ceased to pay specie. Deep and hard was the struggle before this measure was adopted. By so doing every one of them has forfeited its charter, and if any thing is wanting to deepen the shades of distress, it is the fact, that Corporations willingly relinquished the benefits conferred on them by legislation, in preference to continuing payments, which would ultimately have drained their vaults.

The meeting is called on the first Monday of September. It might have been one month earlier; but a full and fair representation is desired and indeed is necessary. We hope and indeed trust that measures may be taken to restore confidence and to reassure the terrified.

From the Globe.

BY THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

A PROCLAMATION.

Whereas, great and weighty matters claiming the consideration of the Congress of the United States, form an extraordinary occasion for convening them, I do, by these presents, appoint the first Monday of September next, for their meeting at the city of Washington, hereby requiring the respective Senators and Representatives then and there to assemble in Congress, in order to receive such communications as may then be made to them, and to consult and determine on such measures as in their wisdom may be deemed meet for the welfare of the United States.

[L. S.] In testimony whereof, I have caused the seal of the United States to be hereunto affixed, and signed the same with my hand.

Done at the city of Washington, the fifteenth day of May, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and thirty-seven, and of the independence of the United States the sixty-first.

M. VAN BUREN.

By the President:

JOHN FORSYTH, *Secretary of State.*

NOTICE.

Information is hereby given that, during the continuance of the present unfortunate suspension of specie payments by many of the Banks, the Treasury Department will continue to issue warrants, for the payments of which drafts or checks will be given by the Treasurer on banks or officers in the neighbourhood where the creditor resides, or the debt was incurred. The checks will, according to former practice, be issued separately from the warrants, and in such amounts as may be convenient.

The treasurer will draw these checks only on such banks or officers as have heretofore received ample funds to meet them, and it is therefore hoped that they will be promptly paid in a manner satisfactory to the holders; but if they shall not be paid when presented, the collectors of customs, and the receiver of the public lands, will be instructed to redeem them in behalf of the Treasury, by receiving them for duties and lands.

If they are not paid in either of these modes, and notice of the fact is communicated to the Department, no reasonable efforts will be spared to preserve the public faith inviolate, and to cause them to be otherwise discharged as soon as possible in specie or its equivalent, as the existing laws require; and if returned to the Department and remaining unpaid till the next session of Congress, it will feel bound earnestly to request authority for early means to satisfy them in a manner acceptable to holders.

Circulars to the proper officers, containing particular instructions on this subject, will be prepared and published in a few days.

LEVI WOODBURY,
Sec'y of the Treasury.

TREASURY DEPARTMENT, May 15, 1837.

The Crops.—So much has recently been published in relation to the bad appearance of the grain fields of this and the adjoining States, that it affords us pleasure to give place to the following paragraph from the Columbia (Pa.) Spy of Saturday last:

"We had some conversation a few days ago, with a highly respectable and intelligent farmer, residing in Bainbridge, in this county, from which we have learned that he has ninety acres of his land in wheat, and that, from the present flourishing appearance of his fields, he confidently anticipates a 'full crop.' We wish him success, and that his anticipations may be realized."

The last Wheeling (Va.) Gazette says:—"The season thus far has been of a most favorable character for the crops. Neither fruit nor grain have as yet suffered in the least, either from drought or frost. Our farmers are quite sanguine in their anticipations, and unless the future should prove unfavorable, they will be more than realized."

At a meeting of the officers, and directors of the Miners' Bank of Pottsville, and of the Office of Discount and Deposite at Port Carbon, it was resolved, that it is expedient and necessary to suspend payment in specie for the present.

The Branch of the Pennsylvania Bank here, has suspended specie payments and a meeting of the Directors of the Harrisburg Bank was held, after the news was received from the city, to consult on the measure, and we learn that they have also concluded to suspend specie payments, except for small sums and small notes.—*Harrisburg Telegraph.*

The annunciation that the Banks of Philadelphia have suspended specie payments, was met by a corresponding movement in Berks county.

Confidence, notwithstanding, does not seem impaired, and there has been no run upon either of our Banks. In fact the community appears to assent to the necessity without excitement or distrust, and we are happy to find an appearance of such stability in our monied institutions. Berks County having been without the vortex of speculation, feels the pressure of the times less, perhaps, than almost any other county in the state.—*Reading Jour.*

Fatal Accident.—We learn that on Wednesday, the 5th ult. James, a youth of about seventeen years of age, son of Mr. Brown, of Morgan county, Ky. came to his death under the following painful circumstances:

Mr. Brown, accompanied by his son, proceeded to the woods for the purpose of killing wild turkies, and had not advanced far before he separated with the intention of meeting his son at a designated point at some distance. Having, from some cause or other, failed to meet, the son proceeded a little further in search of game, when, discovering fresh signs of turkies, he concealed himself in the top of a pine tree, and commenced imitating their call. The father being some distance off, mistook the noise made by his son, for that of a turkey, and his hand and arm, through the darkness of the evening, were taken for the turkey's head and neck. Advancing to within shooting distance, he fired, and, horrid to relate, brought his own son almost lifeless to the ground. He hastened to the spot, and beheld his son in agony, who, recognising him, exclaimed, "father, you have killed me." The ball entered his breast, and passed entirely through his body. He lived three days, when the wound proved fatal, he expired.

Choctaw Agency, April 21.—The Indian country on the south-west frontier, is filled with Mexican emissaries. Some five or six have been seen among the wild Indians, and have induced them to take up arms against Texas. They have, regardless of the treaty, crossed over our line, to meet the wild Indians, and have made a general invitation to our emigrant tribes to join in the contest, offering horses, arms, ammunition, and all the plunder they can take—besides a peaceable possession of Texas, if they can succeed in driving off its inhabitants. These invitations, I assure you, have created no little sensation among our Indians, many of whom are poor, and are ready for adventure—spiced a little with feelings of *an ardent love* for the Texians—they being a branch of the American family; and if we do not have a war immediately on this frontier, it will be owing to the prompt gathering of a military force at some point on Red River, which I do not at present see any sign of. Parties of friendly Indians come in daily complaining of depredations being committed upon them by the wild Indians. Several trading parties (American) have been plundered and driven in from the prairies by Camanches, who have been urged to these acts by their Mexican allies. This state of things ought not to last long.

From the New Orleans Courier, May 6th.

Pugilism.—Yesterday, at about 2 o'clock, a large mass of people assembled at the Bayou, to witness a boxing match between Deaf Burke and O'Rourke; the first an Englishman, the other Irish. It turned out to be, as might have been expected, a very disgraceful affair. The combatants were both interrupted by partizans and a sort of general row followed, in which some disinterested persons were severely injured, among whom, we regret to state, were citizens whose good sense and better feelings should have kept them away from the brutal sport. Even in England, where men of wealth and influence patronize pugilism, and where the participators are made to observe the motto that "fair play is a jewel," the scene of action is generally repugnant to a civilized age. Fights of the kind, though got up in London, usually "come off" at about one hundred miles distant from the capital. We would advice a similar arrangement to lovers of "fine arts" here. The "fancy" may rest assured that such exhibitions are not congenial to the taste of the bulk of our population, nor is the science likely to gain many converts from the occurrences of yesterday.

A PERILOUS ADVENTURE.

There is now living, near the mountain that divides Penn's from the Nittany valley in Centre county, Pa. an old man, called Samuel A——y, who has been in his younger days one of the most successful of the wolf and panther hunters of that wild region, and of whom the following anecdote is related by his acquaintances.

From various signs well known to panther hunters, Mr. A. was aware that a large male panther had been in his neighborhood for several years, but owing to circumstances, the most prominent of which was the superior cunning of the animal, he had so far eluded the vigilance of the hunters.

At length, however, after a slight fall of snow Mr. A. found the tracks of the formidable animal, and securing his trusty dog to his person by a cord, with his tomahawk at his side, and rifle in hand, he immediately started on a "chase."

Led on by his dog, the hunter followed his game for several hours through the brush, briers and underwood of the valley at the foot of the ridge. At length, by a toilsome and difficult ascent, they reached the summit of the mountain ridge, and proceeded for some time along it, when on a sudden the dog stopped short—and raising his head discovered for himself and his master the object of their search, lying crouched on a large limb projecting from the trunk of a red oak, and fearfully near them. The hunter in his haste to fire, forgot to unloose his dog, who was still tied fast to his person, neither did he make a "dead shot."

The instant the panther felt the ball he sprung to the ground, which he scarcely reached before the courageous dog seized him to advantage—a dreadful conflict now ensued between them—they were on the very brink of the steep declivity of the mountain, and down it they went, and in their deadly strife dragged with them the now helpless hunter, who soon lost the power of standing upright—sometimes the panther was uppermost—sometimes the dog and sometimes the man.

Thus they rolled and struggled together for three hundred feet down the mountain before they reached a stopping place—the dog still held the panther, and it in turn used its teeth and claws with fearful effect on the dog and master, and would have succeeded in killing the dog, notwithstanding the wound he had received from the rifle ball, had not the latter, immediately upon regaining his feet, tomahawked him, and thus put an end to the fight.—*Bucks County Intelligencer.*

We have received the New York Courier and Enquirer of this morning, and find in it the following postscript, dated at three o'clock:

"The collector has just returned from Washington. His visit has been ineffectual; the order in relation to bonds has *not* been rescinded, but Mr. Van Buren and *all* his advisers, express *great friendship* for the merchants, and doubtless believe they will be content to pay their bonds in specie when they read Mr. Woodbury's reasons for that measure in the Globe, which will arrive this morning."

It is stated in the Enquirer, that the crew of the John Adams was paid off, and when they refused to take any thing but specie, they were shown the order of the Secretary of the Navy to pay them in Bank notes.—*National Gaz.*

The German papers give an amusing account of the successful dexterity of a young author at Berlin, who, by the skilful management of his powers of reasoning, contrived to carry off two prizes which had been offered by learned bodies for the best essays upon the opposite sides of the same question. The subject in contention was that of what is called the homœopathic system in medicine—a subject upon which the medical men very generally throughout the continent appear now to be fairly at loggerheads. The faculty of medicine at Riga, it seems, lately offered a prize of 100 ducats for the best treatise upon, and in favor of, the system in question. The faculty of medicine at St. Petersburg, on the other hand, and about the same time, offered a prize of 60 golden Fredericks for the strongest proofs that it was a delusion. Under these circumstances a smart young surgeon at Berlin stepped forward, and, incognito to both, by treating his subject to suit their different tastes, succeeded in assuring the doctors of Riga that homœopathy was not a system of quackery, and of convincing those of St. Petersburg that it was. As the candidate-essays were anonymous, and very little direct intercourse between the two societies, it was of course not known that the favorite reasoner cut with a two edged sword; but now that the discovery has been made, it has subjected those learned doctors to very general banter throughout Germany.

Cat Eaters.—Some years ago, for a wager of $50, a fellow who lived near the race course of Kildare, in Ireland, devoured five fox cubs, and literally began each while alive. It is, however, to be observed that the devourer was a natural fool, having been born deaf, dumb, and without a palate. Another story is told, that a shepherd at Beverly, in Yorkshire about eleven years ago, for a bet of five pounds, was produced, who was to devour a living cat. The one produced was a large black tom cat, which had not been fed for the purpose, but was chosen as being the largest in that neighborhood. The day appointed was the fair day at Beverly. The parties met. The man produced was a raw-boned fellow, about forty. The cat was then given to him; taking hold of his legs with one hand, and closing his mouth with the other, he killed him by biting his head to pieces immediately, and in less than a quarter of an hour devoured every part of the cat—tail, legs, claws, bones, and every thing. The man who laid the wager gave the fellow two guineas for doing it, and the shepherd appeared perfectly satisfied with the reward. After he had done it, he walked about the fair the whole afternoon, and appeared neither sick nor sorry. He took no emetic, nor had his repast any effect upon him whatever.

Singular Accident in China.—A company of actors were a few days since engaged by the people of a village of the name of Kowkong. After the temporary theatre had been erected, and everything was ready for the play to begin, when striking up the music the great drum burst, which accident being considered an unlucky omen, the actors refused to perform; but the people would not be thus deprived of their amusement, and with threats and clamor compelled the actors to proceed. During the performance some fireworks were let off, and the bamboo shed in which the sing-song was, took fire. The spectators, too eager to save themselves, rushed out over a narrow bridge constructed for the occasion to lead to the theatre, built over a river, which gave way under the too great pressure, and all those at the time upon it were precipitated into the water, and upwards of 120 women and 30 men drowned. Of the actors none lost their lives.—*Canton Press, October 22.*

The other side of the Story.—We copied from the Louisville Journal, some days ago a horrible account of outrage and murder, committed upon a man named Clark, somewhere on the Mississippi—with the proper quantity of indignation, by ourselves, as well as by the editor from whom we quoted. The following paragraph, from the National Intelligencer, gives a very different version of the affair; it is not credited in the Intelligencer to any other paper. *Apropos* to this matter: our New Orleans slips contradict the story of the court-house torn down in Yazoo county.

On the night of the 15th ult. a desperate affray took place on the island in the Mississippi river below Randolph. Messrs. L. Sullivan and H. and D. Wilson, went to the island to arrest a man named Clark, for certain misdemeanors.—On their approach, Clark fired at them three times, with a rifle or rifles, two of the balls wounding Mr. Sullivan slightly, and the third passing through the thigh of Mr. H. Wilson.—They then rushed into the house, and Clark attempted to make his escape, but Sullivan discharged two pistols at him, and one of the Wilsons a shot-gun, and he fell dead. Clark was one of Murrell's men, and it is said that there were others of the gang upon the island and in its vicinity. Several of the citizens of Randolph immediately armed themselves, and volunteered to hunt the rest of the miscreants.

THE TRIUMPH OF PASSION.

We witnessed the most tragical scene at Yancy Superior Court that has ever been acted in any court in North Carolina. The facts were as follows: About two years since, a man by the name of John Wilson married Elizabeth Rey, of that county. They lived together about seven weeks, when some disturbance took place, which caused their separation. Six months ago the husband filed a petition for divorce, setting forth various causes, declaring that he was young and inexperienced when he married her, and was not acquainted with her true character; that her conduct during the time they lived together, was insupportable, and by him could not be endured. She answered that they were raised in the same neighborhood, and had known each other from their infancy up; that he knew her character and circumstances in life perfectly well when he married her, and had taken her with his eyes open to all her frailties; she positively denied ever having been guilty of any misconduct during the time they lived together, but that she acted towards him the part of an affectionate wife. She further asserted that, when he was about to leave her, he made no charges against her, but gave as his reason for separation that he did not, nor had he ever loved her; that his friends had induced him to marry her merely for her property, and that he had ascertained he could not enjoy life with a woman he did not love.

At the last court an issue was made up and submitted to a jury. The petition and answer having been read, evidence was then introduced which proved decidedly in favor of the petitioner. On the part of the plaintiff, the cause was submitted without any argument; but the counsel for the defendant resisted the divorce by a long and feeling speech, in which he alluded to the solemnity of the marriage vow, the mutual duties it imposed on the parties, and the want of sufficient cause in that case to dissolve the bonds of matrimony.

During this investigation the parties were both in court. The husband was apparently young and simple, and, in fact, a mere boy, and there was nothing in the least prepossessing in his appearance. The wife seemed something older, and altogether the superior. She is a fine looking woman, with dark hair, black eyes, and very expressive face; she manifested great interest in the trial.

The jury, after retiring a few minutes, returned a verdict for the plaintiff. The parties were still in their seats behind the bar, some six or eight feet distant from each other; the wife asked a gentleman by whom she was sitting for his knife, as if to trim her finger nails; she felt the edge, rose to her feet, paused a moment, turned pale, her eyes flashed fire, and then suddenly sprang forward with the drawn knife, and aimed at her husband a deadly blow. But fortunately, a lady who was standing by saw her get the knife, and perceived from her countenance that she was meditating something of a desperate character, watched her until she saw the blow aimed at the throat of the unsuspecting husband, and instantly seized the arm of the infuriated wife, and diverted the weapon from the object at which it was aimed; but, determined on her hellish purpose, she threw the knife with great violence at her husband, and, turning, made a most furious attack on her whose hand had arrested the blow, and thwarted the wicked design. The court ordered her into custody; she was arrested and borne out of the court, making the most wild and frantic exclamations—calling on her husband in the most tender and passionate language, and seemed to be entirely deranged.

Her conduct was strange and unaccountable, but all who witnessed the scene agree that she must have loved her husband. She had listened attentively to the investigation of the whole matter, heard the pathetic speech of her counsel, and then the verdict of the jury pronouncing their final separation; she felt that she loved him above all others, and the idea that he was at liberty to marry again (for that was said to be his object) was more than she could endure. Her heart was devoted to him, and sooner than see his pledged to another, she would see him die, and that too by her own hand, in the presence of the court and the multitude that surrounded her. Of the consequence to herself she never thought, nor for them cared; they would not have seen greater than death, and no doubt she felt, at that moment, that she would gladly take refuge in the arms of death. She remained in jail until the next morning, when she was brought before the court, and, after being severely reprimanded, was sentenced to five days' imprisonment for contempt of the court, and required to give bond and security for her good behavior for the next twelve months.—*Rutherford Gaz.*

"Tom," said a Benedict to a happy Bachelor, "why don't you choose a wife to be a solace in your afflictions?" "Because I chose myself," said Tom, "to be *solus* in my afflictions."

EPITOME OF THE TIMES.

The Governor should immediately call the Legislature together for the purpose of authorising the Banks of this State to issue small notes. The $130,000 to be issued by the corporation will supply our immediate wants, but it is a mere drop in the bucket, when compared to the wants of the people of this city and state.

Moyamensing Prison.—We understand that persons having business with untried prisoners in the Moyamensing Prison, are admitted at the gate, without special orders from the Inspectors. This is as it should be. It saves the citizen the trouble of seeking for the Visiting Inspectors, and allows the untried prisoner the earliest opportunity of seeing his friends.—*Penn. Sentinel.*

Savings Banks.—The groundless apprehension of the depositors, has at length subsided. In numerous cases the money drawn out has been returned to the Banks.

We are authorized (says the Pennsylvanian) to state explicitly, that all debenture certificates are paid in specie at the Custom House, and that any rumor or report to the contrary is erroneous.

We are requested to state, that the adjourned town meeting will not be held until Monday morning, ten o'clock, and not on Thursday, as postponed.—*Ame. Sent.*

The Governor of Virginia has convened an extra session of the Legislature of that state.

Berks County Banks.—The three Banks at Reading have suspended specie payments.

The Crops.—A gentleman who has just returned from a tour through New Jersey, states that the wheat crop of that state has not the most promising appearance, and suggests the propriety of farmers planting an abundance of potatoes and corn, both of which will no doubt command liberal prices at the proper season.

Peaches.—The Mount Holly Herald states that nearly all the peaches were destroyed by the severe weather of last week.

Horrible.—Thomas Greensmith, of Old Basford, near Nottingham, England, recently strangled his four children. It is said he was driven to desperation by the horrors of a poor house.

Mr. Frelinghuysen, Mayor of Newark, has issued his proclamation, authorising the indiscriminate destruction of every dog running at large in that city. This was deemed prudent, as several mad dogs have recently made their appearance there.

The celebrated Thomas Chilton, formerly member of Congress, has given up politics and taken up the preaching of the gospel.

Another Suicide.—One of the most esteemed merchants of New Orleans, Mr. THEODORE NICOLET, unwilling to survive the ruin of his fortune, has put an end to his days. After having labored all night in his counting room he repaired to the house of Mr. Lesseps, where he blew out his brains.

A private letter from Detroit estimates the loss from the fire in that city, at from $200,000 to $300,000—a severe blow to the western Lake metropolis.

W. H. Pope, Esq. has been elected President of the Bank of Kentucky.

The Brooklyn Banks have come to a resolution on the requisition of the merchants of that city, to suspend specie payments for the present.

It is stated that the Telegraph between New York and New Orleans, will shortly be commenced.

Trade of St. Louis.—It is stated that during the month of April, *ninety-four* steamboats entered the port of St. Louis, *sixteen* of them new boats.

A Handsome Offer.—Professor Eberle, of the Ohio Medical College, and formerly of this city has been offered *five thousand dollars* per annum, by the Transylvania University of Kentucky, to induce him to accept the Medical department of that institution.

The city authorities of Baltimore, have determined to supply the public with notes or certificates, to meet their wants arising from the suspension of specie payments. The plan pursued by the councils of this city, is generally approved.

To Labourers in the Atlantic Cities.—Wages are so high on board the steamboats at Cincinnati, that the freight of a thousand barrels of flour just pays the pilots' salaries to New Orleans and back.

Nashville.—We learn from the Tennessee papers that the dry goods merchants of Nashville, will not generally suffer any loss, because they do not deal in cotton or tobacco. The farming community in that part of the country are sound.

Louisiana.—A full length statue of Washington, intended to adorn the Hotel de St. Charles, at New Orleans, lately arrived there, in the ship Moscow, from Marseilles.

All the Congressional districts in Virginia but three have been heard from, showing a Whig gain of two and a Whig loss of two, and leaving the strength of parties the same as in the last Congress.

May Day.—The Vermont ladies were obliged to furnish with fisherman's boots, box-coats and mittens, to go "a-Maying," the snow being some feet deep on the mountains.

The barque Valparaiso, at Philadelphia, from Valparaiso, in addition to a valuable assorted cargo, brought upwards of $200,000 in gold and silver.

Two gentlemen being "near Winchester," in *Old Virginny*, advertised for "a young man well qualified to teach the Latin and Greek languages, also all the other branches of an *English* education."

Western produce at New Orleans is a perfect drug. The Courier correspondent states that a cargo of the same valued at $7000, was recently pledged to pay the freight $2000.

Lake Champlain is open according to the Malone Palladium of May 4th. The ferry boats ply across from Plattsburg to Burlington.

Commodore Porter.—The National Intelligencer of Monday last, states that Commodore Porter has resigned his commission.

Summary Justice in Missouri.—A number of German farmers, residing below Jefferson Barracks, proceeded to a house of ill-fame, two miles below the Barracks, kept by four women, and in a short time utterly demolished it. The inmates, by their depredations and immoral practices had become a nuisance in the neighbourhood.

Stooting Near.—May 5th, Mr. L. Anthony, one of the members of the Richmond Blues target company, by the accidental discharge of a rifle, received a ball in his thigh. He coolly and facetiously remarked, that that ball would spoil for another for sometime.

Profession and Practice.—We know of an instance in this city, where one of our most eminent, and *professedly* most religious physicians refused to attend a patient within a few rods of his dwelling, whom he was told was dying, probably, until he had finished his breakfast; and the patient actually died before his arrival.—*Boston Post.*

The Chancellor of the Exchequer of Great Britain has, at the solicitation of Mr. Buckingham, given orders that the pamphlets issued by the American Temperance Societies, may be imported into that country free of duties.

From Peru, to Feb. 15th, via Baltimore, we learn no decisive movements had been made against Chili—the fleet of which latter was yet in port. Much discontent was created among the American merchants by the absence of all our squadron but the Boxer.

From Bermuda.—We learn that the American ship Henry, Capt. Hurry, from New York to St. Thomas, struck several times on the rocks on the west end of the Bermudas, April 21st, but finally was got into harbor without much damage.

From Mobile we learn the failure of Toulmen, Hazard & Co., for a large amount.

Small Change.—The Baltimore City Councils, on Monday afternoon, passed an ordinance appointing six commissioners to issue certificates of stock, to an amount not exceeding $100,000 in the whole, in sums of 5 cents, 25 cents, 50 cents, $1 and $2.

A Western paper says "It is quite humiliating to waddle knee deep through the mud, as we have to do to get to our office."

Queries.—The Northampton Courier states that a waggish fellow in that town has invented a funny little apparatus for preventing babies from crying in church when they are christened. This beats the machine for pulling the kinks out of pig's tails.

Marshall's Print Works.—We see by an advertisement that Marshall's Print Works, in Columbia County had stopped operations.—Several hundred persons are thereby thrown out of employment, and 600 packages of their goods are to be sold for cash. This is as bad a stoppage as any we know of—it strikes at the root of productive industry.—When our looms stop what can go on?—*N. Y. Star.*

Melancholy Casualty.—Three individuals, Charles Montague, James Gaffney, his step-son, and Philip Collins, plasterers by trade, were unfortunately capsized and drowned, on Wednesday last, while on a sailing excursion, off Ellis's Island. Their bodies were picked up on the following Friday, near John's Island, and interred.

New Jersey.—We learn from the Trenton Emporium, that measures have been taken to convene the Legislature of New Jersey this week, to adopt such measures as may be necessary in the existing exigency of public affairs.

A Tornado.—A violent tornado at Salem, N. J. May 3d, unroofed sundry barns, uprooted trees, and overturned several carriages waiting on the wharf for the steamboat.

A bill has unanimously passed the assembly of New York, to repeal the charter of the Lockport Bank.

Small Pox at Bellevue.—Fourteen seamen in prison at Bellevue, on commitment for trial in the U. S. Court, for attempts to create revolts, were discharged on their own recognizances, in consequence, as was stated, of the prevalence of the small pox at that prison.

Death by Drowning.—On Monday, the New York Coroner held inquests on the bodies of three unknown men found floating in the surrounding water; one taken from the foot of 10th st. E. R. aged about 40; a second taken from the foot of Day st. N. R. aged about 45; and a third taken from Whitehall slip, aged about 55. A verdict of death by drowning was found in each instance.

The Difference.—Gold and silver are quoted, in the Nashville Commercial Transcript, at from 2 to 3½ per cent. premium, and United States Bank notes at 4 per cent.

Thunder.—We have had a good deal of thunder this year, and the farmers say it is "a sign of a token" of a great harvest. They expect thundering crops.

Vain Refuge.—James Morford, a young man at Pittsburg, was killed on Friday 5th inst. by the falling of a house, behind which he had taken shelter from the gale.

Supposed Murder.—The body of a man about 40 years of age, was on Wednesday morning last taken from the Delaware, in the neighbourhood of the navy yard, by the coroner. A stone, weighing 8 or 10 pounds, was attached to the neck, and on the left breast was a wound inflicted apparently with a dagger or knife. It was the opinion of the jury, that the deceased came to his death by violence. A five dollar note on a Providence Bank, was found in one of his pockets.—*Inq.*

Look Out.—A young man residing at No. 62 Salem street, returned from a journey on last Saturday evening week, and on Sunday morning was robbed of his trunk, containing wearing apparel, $125 in small bills, and some valuable papers, which was in his bed-chamber. The trunk was found floating on Charles river, with nearly all its contents but the money.—*Boston Trans.*

Colonel Thorn, the Yankee nobleman, so far as wealth is concerned, is dashing in princely style in Paris—outdoing all the French nobility in his ostentatious manner of living. This is the same gentleman who walked with his family over to Mount Holyoke, summer before last, rather than pay the livery stable the usual fee of *three dollars.*

Singular and Melancholy Death.—A stone school house on the Lisle road, near Rochester, was struck with lightning the afternoon of May 5th. There were thirty scholars in it, but only one struck—a son of Mr. Eli Griffith, who was instantaneously killed, and a Mr. Zenas Patten, who had taken shelter in the porch, and was standing in the door, so fatally injured that the agonizing paroxysms which it brought on, would, it was believed, cause his death.

An unfinished house in Springfield, Mass. was struck by lightning, with such tremendous force as to split entirely asunder a rafter. Thence it passed to the corner post, splitting out a large piece from the top, and splitting and marring it in several places in descending to the cellar. Two or three men, at work in the house, were sensibly, though not injuriously, affected by the shock.

From New Orleans.—A slip from the New Orleans True American, of the 4th inst. says that one of the deposite banks in Mississippi, has refused to pay in specie a treasury draft for $125,000. Thus it is not New York but the government, that has set the example of suspending specie payments.

The same slip gives a report that the Mississippi legislature has authorized the banks to suspend specie payments.

Suspension of Suits.—Instructions have been received from the treasury department, by Mr. Price, U. S. district attorney, to suspend suits upon bonds lying over unpaid.

The Experiment.—A quick-witted yankee from the Green Mountains, arriving in this city with three thousand one dollar bills, has sold them at 3 per cent premium!—*N. Y. Com.*

Rather Severe.—The Hon. John M. Clayton, of Delaware, sentenced a man who was convicted at the last sitting of the Court, at Smyrna, for kidnapping, to stand four hours in the pillory, then to receive upon the bare back sixty lashes, put four years in solitary confinement, sold for seven years service to the highest bidder, and pay a fine of fifteen hundred dollars.

War against the United States Bank.—This morning the collector of canal tolls in this city, whose bristles are double and twisted Regency, refused a ten dollar United States Bank bill, in part payment of toll for the clearance of a boat; and in place of it took a bill on one of the New Hampshire banks. Comment is unnecessary. Utica, May 10, 1837.

Extensive Robbery.—A box belonging to a foreigner by the name of Isaac, containing a large quantity of valuable jewellery, watches, &c. was stolen from a packet boat between this city and Medina, on last Saturday night week. The goods are valued at $6000. A reward of $200 is offered for their recovery. Two of the hands of the boat have been arrested on suspicion. One of them is an old offender.—*Rochester Democrat.*

Melancholy Suicide.—On the 31st of March, Mr. Joshua Furguson, of Stapleigh, Me. put an end to his existence by hanging. He had been for a number of years subject to melancholy paroxysms. On the above morning he was about to build a fire in his own room, when his son came in and offered to build it for him; he at first refused, but consented, and said he would go to the barn and see to the cattle, where he was found by the son in about twenty minutes after, suspended by the neck, dead.

Suicide at Cleveland.—Mrs. Eliza Ann Eldredge, wife of a circus rider, who soon after marriage ran away, leaving her dependent on her own exertions, committed suicide at Cleveland. On post mortem examination a large quantity of the oil of tansy was found in her stomach. A vial of the same was found under the window of her room.—*Buffalo paper.*

Bellevue.—The fever still continues at the Bellevue Prison. Among the victims, we are sorry to say, is Mr. Lyons, keeper of the prison. Several of the prisoners who were brought down from Bellevue for trial before the General Sessions, were in so debilitated a state, that the Court ordered such of them as were accused only of petty crimes, to be discharged on their own recognizances.

Factory Burnt by Lightning.—The cotton factory at Marksborough, Warren county, N. Jersey, belonging to Mr. Wilson, was struck by lightning, and the building, together with the whole of the machinery, about half the yarn, and 14,000 lbs. of cotton, was consumed or destroyed.—Loss from $10,000 to $12,000, and no insurance. The Sussex Herald remarks that the factory was in operation at the time, and no one was seriously injured.

We learn, says the Baltimore American, "that on Saturday the notes of the Deposite Bank, where one or more Bonds were due, were refused in payment of those Bonds, and the merchants being without the gold or silver required by the Circular, were compelled to let them go unpaid."

Important from England.—Messrs. Wilde & Co. the great American House in London, were on the verge of failure for *two millions sterling*. They applied to the Bank of England, and that institution sustained them at all risks. Private individuals subscribed *four hundred thousand pounds* as a guarantee to the bank. Two other American houses were also sustained for immense amounts.

The National Intelligencer says:—"The Banks universally, round and near, as far as we have heard, have followed the example, set by the deposit and other banks in the city of New York, of suspending specie payment, with the exception, in this District, of the Bank of Metropolis and Bank of Washington, and the Farmers' and Mechanics' Bank of Georgetown, (which last did not suspend payment with the other District banks, as we stated on Saturday upon the faith of common rumour.)"

Norfolk Banks.—There was a considerable "RUN" on the Norfolk Banks on the first days of last week. It commenced on Tuesday, and, according to the Beacon, ended in some persons drawing out from six hundred to a thousand dollars, and others paying in from eighteen to twenty thousand dollars. Such a RUN would have saved all the banks in the country. The feeling of distrust was spreading, and at the last advices the run had assumed a more serious character.

Mysterious.—A rumor is afloat, and has reached us from an authentic source, that in removing the Market House between Second and Third streets, the skull and bones of a human being, had been found a short distance below the surface of the pavement. We shall endeavour to learn some further particulars in relation to so singular an affair, and lay them before our readers. The disinterment was made nearly opposite we believe to Strawberry street.—*U. S. Gazette.*

Copperplate Bills.—The new bills of one dollar, by our city authorities, have been prepared with unusual despatch, as we have already seen an impression duly signed and ready for circulation. They were executed by Messrs. Draper, Toppan, Longacre & Co. and present a neat specimen of engraving; having on either end a full length of Liberty and Justice, and in the centre a portrait of William Penn. They will afford additional security against counterfeits, should any be found among us unworthy enough to take advantage of the disasters in which the community is plunged. We have so far heard of no attempts.—*U. S. Gazette.*

Eggs for Horses to produce a sleek coat.—A horse belonging to Mr. Bullock, farmer, of Bradfield St. Clare, died on last Sunday week, from the effects of inflammation, produced by thrusting unbroken eggs down its throat, for the purpose of producing a sleek coat. The last given was stopped at the entrance of the stomach by some natural obstruction, and could not be removed. The practice of giving eggs to horses for the purpose above stated, though attended with much danger, is, notwithstanding, very general.—*Suffolk Chronicle.*

Fire on Ship-board.—Our correspondent at Edgartown writes, that the schooner Richmond, Boyd, loaded with lime, arrived at that port from Thomaston, on Wednesday week, on fire. At ten o'clock the night previous, when about seven miles north-west of Great Point, it was discovered that the lime had fired the vessel, when they immediately made all sail for Edgartown. They arrived there about 6 o'clock on Wednesday morning, and all efforts to extinguish the fire were unavailing. At two o'clock, P. M. the flames broke forth through the sides and deck of the schooner, and in a short time she was burnt to the water's edge. The deck load, masts, rigging, &c. were saved.—*New B. Gaz.*

The Washington and Georgetown Banks.—We learn from the Globe of Wednesday, that the Bank of the Metropolis, the Bank of Washington, and the Farmers and Mechanics Bank of Georgetown, the three banks which the official eulogized so extravagantly the other day, have, after paying out nearly all their specie, been compelled to suspend specie payments.—The Globe applauds them for their course in paying out as long as they could, but this will be a miserable consolation to the bank officers, who were no doubt induced to part with a large portion of their specie, under a promise of the government, that they would sustain them through every emergency.—*Inq.*

Unusual Trial and Conviction.—At the April term of the Superior court for the county of Jasper, Georgia, Mrs. Matilda Cogswell was tried for the murder of her step-son, Hiram Cogswell, a youth of 11 years of age. The evidence was entirely circumstantial. The jury retired to their room with the case at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, and returned early the ensuing morning with a verdict of guilty. Sentenced under a special provision of the penal code of the state, in such cases, to imprisonment and labor in the penitentiary during the natural life of the convict.—*Milledgeville Standard.*

The celebrated bass singer, Luciano Fornasari, supposed to have been murdered by pirates, arrived in New Orleans on the 6th of May, from Havana. The New Orleans Courier says—"It will be recollected that, some time ago, on a wreck at Key West, a brass plate belonging to signor Fornasari, and some dead bodies, were found. This plate was attached to a box shipped on board the schooner Merced from Vera Cruz, bound to Havana, with $50,000 of specie on board, and might have led to the supposition here that its owner had shared the fate of the other persons on board."

Bricks Burnt with Stone Coal.—Last year as much as eleven dollars per thousand were paid for bricks in the kiln, and those not of the best quality. Combined with the scarcity of the supply of this building material, their high price was owing to the scarcity and value of wood used in burning them. This spring, an attempt was made by Messrs. Recordon, Raymond, and Massot, of our city, to burn a kiln with stone coal, and we are glad to say with entire success. The bricks thus burnt are of good color, and although exceedingly hard, it is said cut remarkably well under the trowel. From the specimens shown us, we do not hesitate to pronounce them a superior article, whether for building or paving.—*St. Louis Bulletin.*

Clay, N. Y. May 10.—A distressing accident occurred at Phoenix. A number of young ladies (some of whom were just returning from a boarding school) started to walk together across a bridge over the Oswego river; two of them, Miss Burck and Miss Breed, were walking with their arms locked together, when they stepped on a loose plank, which precipitated them instantly into the river. Their clothes buoyed them up till they went over the dam together, when Mr. Enoch Brook succeeded by almost super human efforts in rescuing Miss Breed from the very jaws of death, but had the mortification to see Miss Burck sink into eternity when almost within his grasp.

The body of a self-destroyer was lately found at Rouen in France, and in his pocket a paper in which among other things was written the following sentence—"I destroyed myself not because I am poorer than forty but because she is not more than sixteen,"—from which we may infer that the foolish creature had fallen in love with one of not half his age. Half of the self murders that take place originate in sources just as ridiculous and as unworthy of our sympathies as the one here recorded, and it is only to be regretted that such follies are ever permitted to be brought to light, as they furnish a most biting satire on what is miscalled the dignity of human nature.

Ice in Calcutta.—The Calcutta Courier of the 5th January says:—"The Brighton began to deliver her Ice cargo yesterday. It is found to be in good order, and is expected to turn out a hundred maunds—a large proportion of the original quantity, with reference to the length of the voyage; the blocks of ice are now in the course of stowage in their place of deposite near the Post Office. We take the opportunity of mentioning a fact of some interest, as shewing the progress of the demand for this luxury. The quantity delivered to applicants at the Ice house is stated to have been about 20,000 seers in each of the last but months of September and October, being upwards of sixteen maunds a day. The total quantity delivered by retail out of the last cargo, is stated to have amounted to about sixty tons, being about two-sevenths of the quantity shipped at Boston.

Suspension of Specie Payments.—The Newark Daily Advertiser states that the Newark Banking and Insurance Company, and the Mechanics Bank of Newark, have suspended specie payments. The New Brunswick, Rahway, Elizabethtown, and Paterson Banks, have done the same. The Banks of Troy and Poughkeepsie, also; the Boston Banks, also. With regard to the latter, we learn from the Boston papers, that on Thursday, 11th inst. more than forty-six Banks of that city, Salem, Charlestown, Cambridge, Roxbury, Lowell and Concord, held a meeting, and resolved to suspend specie payments for the present. The Albany Banks have done the same, as well as the Hartford and Middletown Banks.

The Banks in Providence, R. I. with only two exceptions, have also suspended. Those in the vicinity have united with those in Providence in the measure.

New Orleans, May 3.—A dreadful affray occurred last evening in a house at the corner of Burgundy and Hospital streets, in which a man named Acheson was terribly stabbed in the shoulder and breast by an individual who gave his name James Lindy; the weapon was a dirk or bowie knife. Lindy was arrested, and being confronted with the man stabbed, the latter recognized him as the one who had wounded him. Lindy was lodged in prison. It is doubted whether the wounds are mortal, although they are very large. Acheson states that before he was wounded he had 800 dollars in his pocket, which was not to be found afterward. When Lindy was confronted with the other, he had blood on his face.

We had hardly finished the preceding article, when we were informed of another murder committed last night at the corner of Mandeville and Victory streets, in the lower fauxbourg. The perpetrator was immediately arrested. The victim was a white man, and the weapon used was a dagger.

LISBON.—The once proud city, Lisbon, is fast losing her inhabitants and her commerce. The removal of the seat of Government to Rio Janeiro was a mortal blow to the prosperity of Portugal, from which it has never recovered. A letter in the London Morning Herald says:

"The view from the heights of Almada, on the south side, places this falling off in a remarkably strong light. Thence you see a noble city, stretching for about five miles along the bank of a river several miles broad, upon whose bosom, not many years ago, 'a thousand keels did ride,' which thousand keels, if we expect hulks and ships of war, are now reduced to about twelve or fifteen seventy ton schooners and smacks, coming (generally in ballast) for cargoes of oranges and onions. These little vessels are huddled together in a group off the Custom-house, leaving the rest of the river as bare as the Mississippi a thousand miles from the sea. So late as 1807, Lisbon was the second city in Europe in point of commercial importance, and only yielded to our great Babylon in wealth and in that incessant hum and bustle of industry for which the latter is so conspicuous. To the eye of any common observer, the hastening approach of dissolution to this populous bustling, and opulent city is plainly discernable. The houses, of course, will continue to stand where they are, but the people in them will soon be forced to go and seek for food elsewhere. Many of them have done so already; and so frightful is the extent of emigration to the Brazils, that some of the newspapers are incessant in their clamor for measures to put a stop to it. Each vessel that sails for the country goes crowded with emigrants—shoemakers, tailors, and artizans of all sorts—all literally starved out; and unless something be done to check the evil, this place will become depopulated ere long. As it is, to judge by the eye, from the comparative solitude of streets, that used, not many years ago to be thronged, and from the immense number of houses to be let, Lisbon cannot certainly contain more than two-thirds of the number of its inhabitants ten years ago."

FOREIGN VARIETIES.

The Marquis of Londonderry narrowly escaped assassination by a pistol shot at a re[...] Warsaw, in celebration of the capture [...] place by the Russians.

The Beet Root culture is pursued to [...] extent in Bohemia, that the proposed re[...] of duty there on colonial sugar from 20 [...] 4 florins per cwt. has caused great alarm [...] the domestic growers.

A boy aged nine years, recently committed suicide at the academy at Hammersmith, [...] land, by hanging himself to a hat peg [...] school room, in consequence of undergoing [...] trivial punishment.

No less than 50,000 men are to be assembled in the autumn reviews in Prussia. The [...]rors of Austria and Russia are expected [...] present.

The Carlist forces in their late encounter with Gen. Evans, March 16, lost 1600 men [...]

A noble Venetian lady had lost her son [...] confessor, thinking to console her reminded [...] of the sacrifice required of Abraham. "[...] father," she replied with vehemence, "[...] would never have commanded such a sa[...] to a *mother.*"

The Irish Banker, Von Steiner, Deputy [...]ernor of the Austrian National Bank, died [...]ly, leaving ten millions of florins to distr[...] tions. The legacies amount to 50,000 [...]

Within the limits of the three penny post [...]don, there are about 850 short stages and [...] busses plying; some making two to six journeys daily; but the majority 8, 10 and 12. The advantages 68,000 persons participate, [...] three quarters of a million sterling.

M. Balling, Professor of Chemistry at [...] Technological Institute at Prague, has made [...] excellent species of beer from potatoes [...] said to have been tasted by good judges, [...] clared to be of a very fine flavour. It is [...] be very bright and of great strength.

The Grand Duke of Florence, who is [...] an unsociable personage, was not long since [...] that the *American Minister* had sent up [...] and waited an audience. The Duke [...]mediately to receive the illustrious stranger [...] indulged him with a very long interview. [...] was his rage, on learning that his visitor [...] Yankee Clergyman, instead of a Plenipo[tent]iary.

SPECULATION.—A FACT.

A day or two since, a friend of ours, [...] chant in this city, was hailed in the street [...] tall, rough looking fellow, very plainly attired [...] linsey-woolsey, cowhide boots and slouched [...] who accosted him with—

"Hallo, there, mister,—I say, ain't [...] name—?"

"That is my name, sir," replied the merchant.

"Well, how d'ye do? S'pose you don't know [...] though."

"I do not recollect having seen you before."

"Well, s'pose not, but what I was goin' to [...] was—haint you got an eighty acre lot in W[...] sin, ——— county, eh?"

"Yes, I believe I do own a lot there."

"Well now, perhaps you'd like to sell that lot?"

"Well, sir, I am in a hurry, do you wish to [...] it?"

"Well, now, I don't know—what do you [...] for that 'are lot?"

"Two thousand dollars, sir."

"Ten thou—ten thousand dollars!—no, you're joking."

"If you wish to purchase, sir, you know [...] price."

"Well, now, wouldn't you take nineteen hun[...]dred if you could get it—eh?"

"Why, sir, who will give it?" asked the merchant eagerly, (for he had bought it only a [...] months since at *government price.*)

"Well, will you take it?—that's what I want to know."

"Yes, sir, I will take nineteen hundred"—

"Make out your papers, then," said the stranger. "I've got the money—here's witnesses [to] the bargain;" and so saying, he drew from [his] capacious pocket, a large bag labelled "[...]" from which he counted out the rhino, and [took] his deed, evidently well pleased with his bargain.

"You seem pleased with the trade, sir," said the merchant.

"Well I guess I might as well," said the stranger.

"Why," returned the merchant, "have you seen the lot?"

"Well, I guess I have."

"Is the land *remarkably good?*" continued the merchant, supposing he had been trading with a green 'un.

"It'll *do,*" said the buyer.

"What is it worth?" said the seller.

"Well, I don't know what it's *worth*—but I've dug about *ten thousand dollars worth of lead* out of it *already*—I can't tell how much more I'll get"—and with a broad laugh, he stuffed the deed in his pocket, and left our chap talking to his friend to consider how much *lead ore* the balance of his eighty acre lots in Wisconsin might possibly contain.—*Detroit Spectator.*

Natural Curiosity.—Last week we were shown an animal, the like of which we have never seen or heard of. Some boys playing in a canoe, opposite Carondelet, perceived an animal swimming towards the shore; mistaking it for a water-snake, they attempted to kill it. In this, however, they failed; it dived under the water, and again appeared near the shore when the boys caught it. They took it home, and kept it in a basin of water for a week, when it died. It has been immersed in rum for preservation.

This strange creature is about seven inches long, of a dark slate color, and about an inch and a half in circumference. The head and body are those of an eel, the tail terminating in a fin. Immediately behind the eyes, are lateral formations supposed to be intended for fins, that extend out about an inch, and are divided into distinct branches, resembling in miniature, those of a limb stripped of its foliage. About an inch behind these fins, are situated two arms, in form resembling those of an infant, and terminating in hands, the five fingers and nails of which are distinctly articulated. It appeared to use these hands freely, placing them on its head and body, and catching hold of different articles thrown into the water. Can our naturalists tell what animal this is?—*St. Louis Bul.*

LONDON AND PARISIAN FASHIONS FOR APRIL.

No material change has taken place in the form of bonnets. Leghorns will be very fashionable during the ensuing spring. They have already appeared in the form of hats, not bonnets. The circular brim turned up behind supercedes the necessity of the *bavolet*, which never looks well when composed of a material different from that of the hat or bonnet. A profusion of flowers, or bows of riband, continues to be worn under the brims of bonnets of every description. On the outside are occasionally seen very light sprigs of flowers—branches of lilac have already made their appearance.—With straw coloured or pale blue bonnets these branches of lilac form a favourite ornament.—Drawn bonnets are again making their appearance. They are worn with demi-veils of blonde. Bonnets of quilted satin have become worn in Paris during the winter; but these will of course disappear as soon as the warm weather sets in. The favourite shape for bonnets of silk or satin is very wide in the brim, rising very much off the forehead, by setting rather close on each side of the face.

Long sleeves are now generally made tight, but trimmed from the shoulders to the elbow with a profusion of *bouillons, ruches,* and garnitures of various kinds. The most elegant trimming for tight long sleeves consists of three *sabots* or frills, between the shoulder and the elbow. Short sleeves are usually finished with full *sabots* of blonde or lace.

FANCY DRESSES.

The costumes worn at two fancy balls recently given at the Courts of Belgium and St. Petersburg, have attracted much attention. A brief notice of some of the most remarkable costumes may be acceptable to our fair readers at the present time, when numerous entertainments of the kind are forthcoming in our own fashionable circles. It may be mentioned that at the Belgian Court ball the costumes of the middle ages predominated, whilst at St. Petersburg, Chinese dresses were most conspicuously worn.

At the ball given by the Queen of the Belgians, her majesty wore the costume of Marie de Bourgogne. Her robe, of chamois coloured *velours epingle*, was figured with large flowers. Her head dress consisted of a gold net, on a red ground, surmounted by a royal crown, set with brilliants, and rubies. Her majesty's costume was one of the most splendid hitherto worn at the Court balls.

Madame de Binkom wore a rich Burgundian dress; Madame de Douse represented the Queen of Henry III.; the Countess Werner de Merode, a lady of the Court of Henry II., Madame Quetelet wore a splendid costume of the 12th century, and she carried on her head a falcon, the distinctive sign of females of rank of that period; the Duchesse d'Ouitremont was dressed as a young Turkish lady; and Madame de Hoogvorst as Mdlle. Taglioni in the Fille du Danube.

At the St. Petersburg ball the costumes were almost exclusively Chinese. The Boyards were disguised as Mandarins of every class, and an observer might almost have fancied himself transported to Pekin, had the Russian ladies succeeded more effectually in disguising the Muscovite dimensions of their feet.

The Bank of the Metropolis, and the Bank of Washington, in Washington city, and the Farmers and Mechanics Bank, in Georgetown, continued to pay specie during banking hours, on Monday last.

To Agents and Subscribers.

17 Agents who have funds in their hands are respectfully requested to make remittances, stating in a manner necessary to avoid mistakes. Attention to collect the arrearages due, agreeably to the terms published in every number. The discussion of receipts, by which the subscribers are enabled to see when paid for, and when payment is necessarily cause dissatisfaction.

We Love again to request that the subscribers will turn to their accounts at the beginning of the new year, and see if there is not something due the agent.

An immense amount is due, and ought long since to have been paid. We should be compelled against our inclination, to discontinue the papers of many who are long in arrears—and hope they will take the hint and avoid the disagreement.

If any of our subscribers, who have paid regularly, will their papers discontinued, every month, they will oblige us by the right course, the neglect of which is the cause of much trouble.

In general, it is supposed, each one knows when the amount is due. It is hoped that each and every one will pay up.

ATKINSON'S SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA.

Saturday, May 20, 1837.

FASHION.

Mr. James R. Chapell, of this city has published a plate of Summer Fashions, wherein are duly noted the transient changes of the present season, recently made in the habiliments of the inhabitants of London and Paris. To the instructions for their proper fashioning and adjustment are likewise added a few remarks, brief and ingenious. But if the reader wishes further knowledge thereof, will be not find it to the place of the advertisement?

Mr. BIDDLE'S LETTER.

The President of the United States Bank has published a letter to John Q. Adams, three of the columns of the National Gazette, on the subject of the existing difficulties of the times. His remarks are plain, brief and sensible, without suggesting any immediate scheme for the restoration of confidence, yet recommending a course that will ultimately lead to the end in effecting this object. From the contents it would seem that the banks had decided upon a certain mode of accounts—a measure that is to be regretted, while it is the only course that can be pursued to bring about a speedy resumption of Specie Payments.

PUBLIC OPINION.

The general unanimity of opinion regarding the recent suspension of the banks has not extended so far, nor been so universally received, as might have been supposed on taking into consideration the evidence of necessity that has been adopted. There is a strong manifestation of suspicion and discontent, on the part of the poorer classes of the population, and it has been freely expressed in many public meetings. Even these we may class the late meeting in Independence Square, where sundry resolutions expressive of disapprobation of the course pursued by the banks and the measures of the corporation in issuing small notes, were passed unanimously. A committee was appointed to wait these authorities, and request the withdrawal or payment of notes of small denominations, and in case of their refusal, to use legal measures to accomplish the end. It is with no pleasure we find notwithstanding the large number assembled and the great excitement under which the meeting was held, no disorderly conduct of any kind was manifested, but on the contrary the proceedings were conducted throughout with unusual quiet and decorum. What effect the present state of excitement among the banks has we are not a aware. The report of the committee will be delivered at the place of meeting on Monday next.

[illegible]

Every mail brings us in accounts of fresh ravages on the part of the banks, throughout the United States. In a few weeks every institution of the kind in the Union will have ceased to redeem its notes. The law of necessity is paramount to all ouers.

A cotton factory in Warren county, N. J. was struck with lightning, on Saturday week, and $13,000 worth of property destroyed in the conflagration that ensued.

CONGRESS.

The proclamation of the President for convening Congress on Monday, will be found in another column. The absolute necessity of this measure is apparent; and the President has done his duty in the premises, and are divested of responsibility. We earnestly trust that something better than long speeches and tiresome debates will emanate from the coming session.

Specie to the amount of $127,000 was received New Orleans from Tampico on the 5th inst. Every amount of specie that arrives at the latter Port, under the guard of a large navy. It was however attacked by banditti in passing the mountains, and the money taken from their hands. Its shipment from Tampico will probably be delayed as the news of the affair at Matamoras had reached there, and created great excitement against the resident foreigners, and more particularly those from the United States. War will not be the policy of either government at present, but it will be found necessary to preserve themselves from Bankruptcy—there is nothing of interest from Texas.

POPULAR FEELING IN NEW YORK.

The New York Commercial states that the Legislature of that State has passed a law, by which, in order to obtain some modification of the charter to receive only specie in payment of debts, or in case the plan was to be concurred, in by the banks, to issue notes of $5 and upwards. It has also written to the effect that the ordinance be enforced in that city, and that if it be not complied with by the 1st of July next, those who refuse compliance to its requisitions, be will be compelled to resign.

The Corporation of New York have refused some small notes on the ground of the inefficiency of the charter, to counteract any such general suspension. They recommend an act to the legislature, for an exertion of this power, on account of the confidence with which the Corporation of that city is clothed, it is not improbable that this suggestion will be legislature body of that state is fill to see.

[illegible]

Governor Veazey of Maryland arrived in Boston last week with the resolution of making a speedy convocation of the Legislature, circumstances render it necessary.

MEXICO.

The latest accounts from this quarter possess little interest. In course of the Secretary of War of the United States Navy, proposed to Matamoras to demand of the Mexican authorities the release of Cameron and the American soldiers. The demand was manfully refused; whereupon the commander of the Texan forces sent a messenger to a Mexican officer, and demanding its surrender. The Mexican Captain refused to obey, compelled by force. The United States troops quickly fired a shot over the hapless messenger's head, fainted down her colours, and then took possession of. The Mexican fort from a second volley, lying in the harbour, opened but ineffectual fire upon the Natchez. The United States vessel remained off the bar for a long while, when the gut under way, hoisted steam and sailed out of the reach of the Champion, to which no answer was made. The prompt and determined conduct of the Captain of the Natchez is deserving of all praise, and no doubt will be fully sustained by

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE OF THE U. S. POST.

SPAIN.

Extract from the Journal of an Officer of the U. S. Navy, dated

NAPLES, JULY 4th, 1836.

I neglected mentioning in my view of Malta, that the day previous to our departure, we were honoured with the company, as a visiter, of one who has shone a conspicuous star in the Constellation of naval worthies, and was then enjoying a short respite from the toils and cares he have placed his star still higher in the ascendancy, by his diplomatic rectitude and tact.—I need scarcely mention the name of Porter;—for who has forgotten the little Essex, and her gallant bearing at Valparaiso—or who cannot call to mind the dignified and efficient conduct of her Commander, on many other important occasions? But add to these the benevolent and *full-orbs* course he pursued then, and since, in relation to his junior officers, (so dear to them with the present system), and his character will attain a great and elevated stand, though its nobility cannot be properly appreciated. He was received on board, as he quitted the wharf, with manned, an appropriate salute, and three long, loud, and heartfelt cheers. * * * * *

At sunset we had the whole town, with its range of chain, the different bearings noted, and the crew variously engaged rattling, rigging, &c. Received "*pratique*," (i. e. the ship out of quarantine,) and consequent liberty to go on shore, suspended all duty, spliced the main brace, and at meridian fired a salute of 21 guns in commemoration of the birth of Washington. The

The Bay of Naples, in my opinion, justly deserves the reputation it sustains, of being the most beautiful harbour in the world; at least, I have not seen its equal, and from the many descriptions I have seen, of those harbours, which I have not myself visited. Its views are certainly unequalled, and to an individual capable of delineating the variegated beauties of its scenery, replete with scenes and suggestion, properly described and arranged, it could not fail to elicit the admiration of the world, and is the sole object of my journal is to follow the notions of the ship, independently of my incapacity to do justice to the subject. Other writers, much more competent than myself, will be found to supply the void. I content myself with but few digressions from its original intention, and confine even those, to the most prominent features of the scene. To me, the most attractive object upon entering the Bay, was *Mount Vesuvius*; which, though far from corresponding with the appearance, which an excited imagination had led one to expect it possessed, has still sufficient interest, to render it an object of particular attention. While it arrests the eye, it brings home vividly to recollection, the powerful effects of its eruptions in devastating the ancient and splendid cities of Pompeii and Herculaneum, and which have been brought to light, and are now confined to historic lore, but assisted by the various excavations which modern ingenuity has unfolded.

Upon contemplating its former effects, I had anticipated finding it constantly emitting large bodies of fire: though I did not, of course suppose its eruptions, like those of Etna, could be seen at a distance. But on the contrary, I found it differing in nothing from other mountains, not the immense elevation, and an inconsiderable discharge of smoke from its summit, which at night had the *appearance* of being interested with fire. Once or twice however, during our stay, small columns of smoke were to be seen on the Bay, is the village of Portici, in which is the King's country residence. I did not visit this village, which appears, generally to be of white stone, and is said to be the finest specimen of the scenery. To the left of the mountain, in the "*bend*" of the Bay, its use a little nauticality, and which is the harbour, extending inwards towards the city, and presenting a neat and regular appearance. The intervening space between their extremity and the city, is composed of villas, and fashionable drives, which tend greatly to heighten the beauty of the view.

To mention these objects as they appeared to me from our anchorage. The city in day time differs but slightly from the generality of European cities, with the exception of its possessing a greater cast of appearance, as it is rapidly increased by the dark and aged castle of St. Elmo, which towers above it—but at night the scene is changed, and never, perhaps, was witnessed a more beautiful sight in our sublunary sphere: thousands of lights, flitting about in every direction,—fireworks ascending from the castle on the edge of the Bay,—the palace illuminated—bonfires and rockets glistening and reflecting with sparkling grandeur on the water, added to the appearance of a hundred lights ter through the windows of the houses, form, in all, a scene, impossible to describe, and to those unacquainted with the manner of conducting matters, has more the appearance of fiction than reality!

So. Elmo, is an ancient, and well fortified castle, erected upon a high rock, at a little distance, brightly above the city. It has entire command of the Bay, overlooks the whole of Naples, and from its battlements and turrets, is the resort of spectators, a delightful perspective of the surrounding country, and an unusual portion of the broad and expansive sea. Adjoining the castle, is the monastery of the Carthusians, a noble building, whose interior presents a very splendid and imposing appearance. Its chapel is the finest specimen of the kind I have seen—every mosaic style, and finished with a taste and elegance, completely unknown to our modern religious structures. Adjoining the chapel, among other objects worthy of notice, is a painting of Spagnoletti, of Christ's descending from the cross, and which our conductor informed us, is considered by many as the finest piece of painting in art, as to have been offered $80,000 for! It is said that an English nobleman made this offer, but that no sum for the possession of the valuable piece could induce the proprietor to part with it. Its merit is certainly deserving of high encomium, and is the finest piece of the kind I have seen.

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UNEQUAL MARRIAGES.

An equality of fortune seems to be generally thought a good thing in human society. Those who object to it, object to it as impracticable: not the *end* do they disapprove, but the *means* sometimes employed or proposed to effect that object. To raise from poverty to affluence—from labour to ease—from hardship and privation to enjoyment and luxury, must unspeakably gratify a mind which values another's happiness as much as its own. Such, at least are the conclusions which we have arrived at, judging without experience.

Experience teaches a very different lesson.—We find that the poverty of one party is the most insuperable obstacle to his pretensions. In the Roman Republic it is stated that the voting by the Tribes, in which each party is supposed to unrest the other with all their property.—Where the property is unequal, the bargain is, of course, unequal. The world's a mart of wealth, and the fortune she is to carry with her.—If the suitor (or *suitress*) has less, he is rejected for more opulent. The Roman Republic of old man now a-days would reject a five dollar bank note when offered in exchange for five dollars in specie.

We have often seen it recommended by speculative visionaries, to divide the property of a deceased person among all his children, and not to allow to the eldest son the right of primogeniture, but that a certain portion of every land or estate should be divided among all the people were in his favour.

A majority of the members of the Congress [illegible] chosen, soon after the death of a father, to fill his portly comprehended a vast majority of the people, and no doubt was entertained but his friends would prevail.

In Santa Anna was still at his Hacienda of Manga de Clavo, in the neighbourhood of Vera Cruz. He had asked passports from the government, to visit the republic of Columbia—a favour which had not been granted, and it was thought he was not to be permitted to recommence Paris. He was accused of attempting to excite tumults in the country, and in fact, letters from him have been intercepted, addressed to persons whom he was striving to excite to insurrection.

The officer commanding the French squadron that had appeared off Vera Cruz, was in the City of Mexico, he would receive injuries inflicted upon French citizens in Mexico. The letter of notice, was couched in courteous terms says that Bustamente had informed him, that the moment the government should be organized would endeavour to repair the injuries that complained of by the French government, to the full extent—and further, that the complaints of all the foreign governments; and the French government in particular, had determined to remain in the city of Mexico until Bustamente was placed in office.

Col. Almonte, formerly Ad-de Camp to Santa Anna, was daily in close consultation with the President, and it was believed by many he would be had betrayed the secrets of his ancient patron.

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Extracts from the London Times.]

Mr. Hume has moved in the House of Commons for the dismissal of Lord Hill as Commander-in-chief. He is accused of political partiality, and of improper conduct in the case of military punishments.

The Jesuits manufacture in Switzerland is threatened with a crisis. All the German fairs are full of their goods, and returns dull. The English spinning machines in Switzerland are producing much discontent.

The Duke of Wellington is in the sporting circles as a sterile chaser and clerk in the Branch Bank of England, Directors have just authorized over 1000*l.* from that institution and [illegible].

The great topic of discussion in many of the English papers, is the course of the trade of Liverpool and Manchester. The Liverpool Courier and the Times condemn the bolstering system, and say the splendid trade which has grown to the house of George Wilder & Co. This year has shown a falling off in the exports to the amount of 300,000 and 400,000 pounds, and has, it appears, been nothing but of the Bank of England to meet its demands.

From France.—The Paris papers of April 9th have been received in London. The state of the cabinet is in the same unsettled state as left by our last advices. M. Thiers is in a somewhat improved position, but the general political circles affirm that Marshal Soult has confirmed with M. M. Lamartine, Arnaud and Dupin, in order to form the basis of a cabinet and there is so much reliance placed in this arrangement that the Chamber has given its assistance to the sanction, and circulate the list as possible.

The last accounts from Lyons stated that the prosperity of the inhabitants were increasing rapidly, that the richer and more benevolent portion of the inhabitants were organising committees in order to afford relief to the poor, by giving the unemployed work upon the roads and in improving the city, and that funds were to be taken into pay.

The Spanish Ministry is not yet formed. M. Thiers, it is said, has been invited by the King to construct it.

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Moscow.—M. Bartin has presented his report on the steam boats to the Emperor. The [illegible] examinations. He drew lots with Lasteyrie and Lamé—was absent when the lots were drawn—has to a sacred society of 40 conspirators to be regularly initiated in the mysteries.

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Accounts have reached Paris from Algiers, that the price of spun silk will allow the manufacturers to [illegible] to the government to commence different public works, and to form a communication between the different quarters of the city, which will furnish occupation to the workers, and immediately employ 2000 men. The change in the state of the weather will also ameliorate the condition of the poorer classes.

From Spain.—Our intelligence from the capital of Spain is to the recent date April 2. The appointments of General Evans, Alava, Lopez and the simultaneous retreats of Espartero and Narbaiz on the opposite side of the avenue of operations, have given a new turn to affairs. The reverses was a secret setting of the Cortes on the 31st ult. in order to afford time for which portuse was drawn of the state of the nation by the ancient war ministry. Brigadier Flores is also described Spain to be "without credit at home or abroad—with a depreciated and ill-disciplined army—and with money in the worst state as to subordination or military discipline, and the exact reverse in finance with either."

In the sitting of the 30th, however, which succeeded this secret meeting, the paper signed by 54 deputies, was read, which called for the formation of a new ministry, but the discussion was closed at the express, without any result.

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April 8. The portion of troops demanded from Espartero was duly suspended in St. Sebastian.

Ninety thousand dollars of the New York State Canal Fund are lost, by the insolvency of

Important and Interesting.

The following intelligence will be read with interest by the public. If the circumstances be carried to the letter, they are of the highest importance.

Volusia Herald Office, dated 31, 1837.

GLORIOUS NEWS

On this day, the anniversary of the battle of San Jacinto, the United sloop of war Natchez, with Gen. Worth brig of war Pioneer in charge, (as a prize) anchored off the Brazos Bar. She remained the schooner Louisiana, and sent her back to New Orleans, sunk a Mexican armed brig and shipwrecked off Brazos St. Jago. Landed passed Midshipman Ridgely who communicated the above information. Upon his arrival at the Natchez got under way and sailed in search of the two brigs and schooner which appeared off this place on Monday last.

We also learn from this source, that Tampico is in possession of the insurgents. A French fleet was off Tampico, demanding satisfaction in consequence for the forced loan and insults offered the French citizens at Matamoras, which if not complied with, immediate satisfaction would be taken at the cannon's mouth. The French have sent to the West Indies for the remainder of their fleet, with the intention of blockading all the Mexican ports on the Gulf of Mexico, unless the above requisitions are complied with.

Commander J. W. Caldwell, from New Orleans, had just come to anchor off the Brazos Bar.

IMPORTANT FROM MEXICO.

A letter from a very respectable gentleman in the city of Mexico, to his correspondent in New Orleans, dated the 15th ult. states that the votes for President were counted on that day, and were unanimously in favour of Bustamente. The same letter further states that Bustamente had published a decree, declaring that Texas should be subjugated and his government organized. It would change the whole foreign policy hitherto pursued by the country, and no doubt was entertained by the friends would prevail.

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FROM FLORIDA.

April 27.—Osceola has at length come in to Fort Mellon, with upwards of 300 warriors, there were in the vicinity of that post, (on Lake Monroe) on the 31st. upwards of two thousand five hundred Indians, (men, women and children,) on their way to Tampa; Philip's band was among that number.

From officers there, we learn that Osceola, although not a hereditary chief, is still a ruling chief among these Indians of Seminoles, and has acquired, by his superior intelligence and activity, more influence over those aboriginal bands, than their legal and hereditary Chiefs possess.

With this mass of Indians, he had stepped at Fort Mellon, for the purpose of selling their cattle to Government, and also to bring in the runaway negroes. They were to proceed on their way to Tampa Bay, on the 8th. These, with them we are already at Tampa, will make up the number which has been mentioned in Speaker's address to its united capacity; and its acts should therefore be considered as the acts of Government. The principal is answerable for the acts of his recognised agent, for even if he be not a party to the acts, he is legally supposed to be, because the agent is acting in his service. The acts of empartners, who are principals, are the acts and clients of that those of a principal and agent; and if any law or treaty exist, it is merely the form, and not another party, who is to sustain the consequences. Otherwise, what would prevent fraud law any person who may take the mass of it. It would be the easiest thing imaginable for two or three persons to form a company, and other none, to carry on a fair business, under the appearance of which to defraud the community. What process of fraud could be more simple than that of causing the debts to be made in the responsibilities of the man of money? Yet this operation is actually carried on by the wise and the supreme Court of this commercial state, as one readers will find by referring to the 4th vol. of Wheaton's Reports, page [illegible]. We state this for fair information of the mercantile community, which will find that there is nothing of this very important fact. It is calculated to satisfy the minds of the most credulous statements of the present period, for the correspondent of the Star remarks, "In all cases of failure, the banks will be found to be creditors of endorsements, it will be necessary that the whole of the private property of the firm, and of the members of the house whose names are pledged. Over and above this is liable to be against the partnership name." This strikes us as being a very extraordinary decision, and we should like to see the authority on which it is founded.—*N. Y. Evn.*

"Love's Book!—and that's a Gal.—Yesterday, the Grand Jury of Cumberland county, Me. for two or three years past, enlisted our citizens with unusual conviction from a statement, was made to them, that there was a book in the breast of promise to marry. His name is Andrew Scott, a young man living in Gray, and not 20 years of age. His fair prosecutrix is a young lady of this town, named Sarah Ann Mayberry—who since she has been holding interest, and of a long time to fulfil her contract with her blood and bones. The book was found in twenty cents out to "redeem" are promissory notes, which Scott had given to different customers on that business, any book, Andrew, on his part, was found in the book, and that a great part of his book, and have pledging his teeth to his ready promise, has found out that value to, to say the least, "no better than one dollar." He very rationally argues that a tricky girl would not be worth a dollar to a blind man, and no doubt her on how to fulfil it. We are not acquainted with the particulars of the case, but we presume between the calling of the word, one and three-taking deliberate aim.

The parties were followed, however, by the proper officers, and Mr. McKaig arrested a [illegible] and compel compliance with the contract for the sum of $1000. The other party, we learn, has also commenced a suit against Scott, and will also enter the court of the law, and also given the [illegible] to have thought proper to give this notice of the affair to the public, as every source of the false reports now in circulation.

WEST UNION, (Ohio) May 5.

Poison by Jamestown Weed.—On Saturday week, Mr. James McGeorey, of this village had several of his family severely poisoned with Jamestown weed. The circumstances are as follows: Mr. McGeorey had raised a crop of Irish potatoes, amongst which this noxious vegetable grew to some extent, and was mowed down with the potatoes. Some of the members were entertained in regard to the safety of us use. However after mature reflection, they at times through a patent wheat-fan, and after passing a cockle sieve, it was deemed clean, was sufficiently so as to be fit for use. Accordingly a grist was sent to mill; on the return of the family the following morning, they all sat down to table. Five or six of the family ate of it, and were in a short time after taken with violent symptoms, such of the family as had used freely of the bread were treated with delirium, or crazy fit, such as had eaten but little were severely afflicted with singular or uncommon feelings. Dr. Hamilton was immediately called in attendance, the poison was removed. One or two of the family were found to require the attendance of their guardians and the vegetable, eventually [illegible] of the whole family. Mr. McGeorey, on examination of his land, readily ascertained the cause of the poisoning of his family. The [illegible] was entirely destroyed in digging out the weed.

This is the fourth or fifth instance of poison by Jamestown or Jamestown weed which has come to our knowledge within the last twelve months. That this was a noble tree of several or eight years ago, is well known to many of our readers. The quality of the seed sufficient to baffle the skill of the most experienced farmer to separate it entirely. Ohio, should sentence years ago.—*Free Press.*

PERPETUAL MOTION AGAIN.

The grand inquisitorial, in the mind motion, is discovered, if we may believe the newspapers, in the city of Boston. Some time since, a gentleman of that city, who had been long engaged in the study of perpetual motion, and had spent many years in pursuit of the same object, was found dead in his bed. He had left behind him a number of papers, containing the results of his labours, which, it was supposed, would be of great value to the world. Among these papers was found a plan, which, if it should prove successful, would be of the greatest importance to the world. The plan was to be carried into effect by the following means: A large tank was to be filled with water, which was to be raised to a certain height, and then allowed to fall upon a wheel, which, when set in motion, was to keep the water constantly flowing in a circle. The wheel was to be kept in motion by the weight of the water, and the water was to be kept flowing by the motion of the wheel. Thus the machine was to keep itself in motion, as the water would be constantly flowing from the wheel to the tank, and from the tank to the wheel. The plan was submitted to a number of gentlemen, who, after examining it, declared that it would not answer. Their objection was, that the machine would not keep itself in motion, as the water would be constantly flowing from the wheel to the tank, and from the tank to the wheel. The plan was submitted to a number of gentlemen, who, after examining it, declared that it would not answer. Their objection was, that the machine would not keep itself in motion, as the water would be constantly flowing from the wheel to the tank, and from the tank to the wheel. The plan was submitted to a number of gentlemen, who, after examining it, declared that it would not answer. Their objection was, that the machine would not keep itself in motion, as the water would be constantly flowing from the wheel to the tank, and from the tank to the wheel.

ATKINSON'S CASKET.

A Card.

PRICES OF STOCKS.

This week at the Board of Brokers

ALMANAC

MARRIAGES.

DEATHS.

Summer Millinery.

Wanted.

PIONEER FAST LINE.

Wanted.

Observations on Tailors.

PLAIN do.

White Mulberry.

West of England Cloths.

Great Sale of Real Estate,

Bank Note Paper.

Assignees Notice.

Money Wanted—Security.

Stray Cow.

Arch Street Theatre.

THE OLD

Vartorym the Spine of Life,
What gives it all its Exercise.

THE CAT SERENADE.

WITH AN EXPLANATION INDEX.

(The Cat discovered of the night.)
It is the hour—the dewy hour,
Of fading light, and faded flower,
And night, and Love, and Beauty's power,
(And prepotent for his mistress' favor.)
Sweet Tabby, from the upper high,
Low purring of a loving eye,
And hear thy faithful Tommy sigh
Meeow.

Now wanes the moonlight on the hill,
The winds are hushed, the waves are still,
All silent, save the bubbling rill—
Meeow.

(The Cat commits his mistress to a bonnet.)
O come with me across the street,
Attach a U spread a mild treat,
Of all that tabbies love to eat.
Meeow.

(The Cat pleadeth his sufferings.)
O bid me not alone depart!
I tell the burning tear drops start,—
O speak and heal a burning heart!
Meeow.

(and describeth his treat.)
And we will have a cosy chat,
For I've a splendid mouth of rat,
Just cooked to suit a lady-cat,
Meeow.

(Shootah whip the Cat iteath.)
I love the fur thy whiskered face,
Thy tuneful purr, thine untaught grace,
Those eyes of green, that nouseless nose!
Meeow.

(and why he loveth not.)
I love thee not for hoarded pelf,—
Or aught across from that nasty shelf,—
But oh! I love thee best of self!
Meeow.

(The Cat entereth jealous.)
And if another cat shall dare
With look of love on thee to glare,
By heaven, I'll eat him, hide and hair!
Meeow.

(and shooteth resentment.)
For though nine! in vain I pose,
No lazer breath shall cool the glow
Once hollowed by a flame of mine!
Meeow.

(and prophesieth his coming death. " Requiescat in pace,")
Too great I feel this load of woe!
Soon soon in death I slumber low,
And o'er my grave shall catnip grow.
Meeow.

(The Cat cauterth his voice.)
Yet once again before I die,
I raise my feeble love-notes high,
—A last, and yet a louder cry.—
Meeow!—peace!—ere now !!!

(Post catclosmic from a window.)
The feral screams that spanking cat!
Ow! night-disturbing varmin! Scat!
I'll spoil your beauty, dear! Take that!

Discharge!th a pelet—Grand final of Caterwauling
—The Cat decampeth!

"Is your father a Catholic?" asked a gentleman of a boy, "No, sir," replied he, "he's a shoemaker."

ECRIPTOR, the poet, once said that three of his verses had cost him the labor of three days. "I could have written a hundred in the time," he said another poet of ordinary abilities. "I believe it," replied Euripides: "but they would have lived only three days."

"John," said a man to his Dutch servant, "Go to Mr. Bolton's house, and tell him that there is not law in the land. I will prosecute him. Tell him not to bring his dog here, for the animal is rabid, and that if he comes here any day, I mean to send, and have, and pack yourself, I will send for Mr. Jarvis and have him to take care of."

John went and delivered his message. "My master says that you shan't bring your dog to his house, for he is a rabbit; and if you go there in a knot to pack up your things, will send you to the barber's and take your hair off."

JOHN SMITH VS. WILLIAM SMITH.—A most ludicrous incident took place when these two redoubtable names were called. No less than twenty-five litigants all cried "Here!" simultaneously. The crier was absolutely puzzled, but, wishing for the best, he ventured again—"John Smith and William Smith." Here! roared a pudgy-looking baker, who had just entered the Court. Matters got still more confused. "Vich is the Bill Smif wot lowes nine-teen bob for bread," said the crier. Nobody answered. "Vich is the Bill Smif as howns the beer scores?" "I does," said about one half of the Smiths present, and it was a matter of time before the numerous family of the "Smiths" were classed in anything like order. None would own the "half-penny worth of bread," but nobody denied the "beer scores."

WILLS OF SHAKSPEARE, MILTON AND NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.—The last will and testaments of the three greatest men of modern ages are tied up in one habit of Solemcy, and may be seen together at Doctor's Commons. In the will of the bard of Avon is an interlineation in his own handwriting—" I give unto my wife my best bed next with the furniture." It is proved by William Hoyde, 22nd July, 1916. The will of the minstrel of paradise is a muscupative one, taken in daughter, the great poet being blind. The will of Napoleon is signed in a bold style of handwriting; the codicil, or the contrary, written shortly before his death, exhibits the then weak state of his body.

EVILS AND THEIR REMEDIES.—1. Evil—Corns. Remedy—Soft shoes. 2. Evil—Love. Remedy—Marriage. 3. Evil—A small hat. Remedy—Stretch it. 4. Evil—To fall over the bottom of a wagon 40 feet long in a dark night. Remedy—Speak to the owner of the load. 5. Evil—Want of appetite. Remedy—Hard work. 6. Evil—A dunning letter. Remedy—Burning. 7. Evil—To go into a public room to see the latest news-paper, and find in the back of a man who has begun at the first column, and is spelling his way clear through. Remedy—Cry fire. 8. Evil—A thing out of place. Remedy—Never have a place for any thing.

RECIPE FOR MAKING EVERLASTING SHOES.—A nobleman of Glasgow, for all Grascow are nobleman, complaining that his pumps did not last long enough, the humble cordwainer said he knew of what stuff his lordship should like to have them made? "Make the vamp, said he, " of the throat of a donkey, the quarters of the skin of a wolf's neck, and the sole, of a woman's tongue. The donkey's throat would be tough with a second question, in the shape of a timid and tender "Pooor-ooor!" "Why you block head," replied the wag," because the first never admits water, the second never heads on either aside, and the last, although always in motion, never wears out."

ANECDOTES OF TWO INDIANS.—Two Sachems of the Five Indians, having a mind to admire the Philadelphia, dined at the house of a gentleman of fortune, amidst a splendid circle; and observing mustard upon the table, one of them put it without suspecting the consequence, took a spoonful at once into his mouth, which soon caused the tears to run plentifully down his ruggid countenance; but collecting himself in a moment, and perhaps no less desirous to conceal his ignorance than to see his companion caught in the same manner, when asked by the brother Sachem the cause of his crying, replied without hesitation, that it was caused by his reflecting upon the goodness of his father, who was slain in battle. This answer appeared so satisfactory to the inquisitive chief, while the rest of the company, and the gentleman to whose more liberal use it above, could only, with the utmost exertions, restrain themselves from open laughter. From this moment, the first one had learned by experience the qualities of mustard, kept his countenance all the way home and in the wilderness, until at length he enjoyed the superlative pleasure of beholding him take a spoonful into his mouth in the same manner he had just done himself, and which was productive of the same effects. The former now in his turn recounted of his companion the reason of his shedding tears, and was answered with Indian readiness and wit,—Because you were not chilled when your father was.

Dear to us are our parents, dear our children, friends, and relations, but by far the dearest of all, to the Christian, is Jesus Christ. Our affections to the former compels us to do many things, but who doubts that it would be to his profit even to die for the sake of the latter.

I do not wonder that poets and moralists have gazed with intense interest, and with unutterable emotions, upon infancy and childhood. The young human creature just ushered into life is an object of unspeakable interest. What a prospect is before it! What responsibility often does it possess! What may it not do? What sort of figure in the theatre of the world—What a sea of sorrow and calamity it may have to pass through! What infinite glories may encircle it in the eternal mount of God! What unspeakable sorrows may gather around it in the dark pit of endless woe!

Can we look upon this young creature, just bursting into life, and not feel a thrill of deep interest, itself unconscious of its mysterious powers, and we totally ignorant of its final destiny, without deep and solemn interest! All that we know with certainty in relation to it is that trouble and death are before it! And yet, upon the low front of these evils, mercy is written with a fair and plain hand; for it is only under the sanctifying influence of the Holy Spirit, brings us back from our wanderings, to God; and death, though its land be rough and dreary, opens the way that admits us into the pure mansions of celestial blessedness. Hence, there is no less truth than poetry in the exclamation of Mrs. Hemans,

"Gaze on—'tis lovely! childhood's lip and cheek
Blending beauty's rich auburn hue of bloom!
Gaze—but what mar's dwelt in those features meek?
—They are the brief herald of the doom for the sky.
What death must fashion for eternity."

"In the life of Lord Chief Justice Holt, a curious anecdote is recorded. It appears that when a young man, Holt had a fund of animal spirits which could not well be restrained, and he happened on one occasion to meet some companions, to stop at an inn in the country, where they committed a debt of such amount that they were unable to defray it. In this dilemma they proceeded to Holt's room, that of the master, and Holt observed that the landowner's daughter looked remarkably ill, and was told by her father that she had an ague. Thereupon they gathered several plants and mixed them together with a deal of ceremony, afterward wrapping them in a piece of parchment, upon which Holt wrote a particular mixture and marks. The ball thus prepared he hung around the young woman's neck, and the ague did not return. After this, the next day the landlord offered to discharge the bill, but the gratitude of the landlord reduced every such thing, and Holt and his companions departed. When he became Lord Chief Justice, the woman to whom he gave him accosted of being a witch. She was the last person ever tried in England for witchcraft. She made no other defence than that she was in possession of a certain ball which infallibly cured ague. The ball was handed up to the judge, who untied it and found it to be the identical bit of parchment which he had made in his youthful day for the purpose of curing the woman's ague and give it a rich taste.

TO KINDLE A BLAZE UNDER WATER.—Take a champagn glass—place thereon three grains of phosphorus, three times as much of chlorate of potass, and fill the glass with water. Have also a cup, containing about a tea-spoonful of sulphuric acid. Have also a common tobacco-pipe.

TO PERFORM THE EXPERIMENT.—Place the glass, with the pipe and acid, upon the table. Take the glass and immerse the end containing the stalling at the same time—you perceive that the glass contains water, and nothing else, which is constantly used to extinguish fire. But I will now produce a fire in the water, which may appear rather astonishing to those who are ignorant. Put the pipe and the end of the stem through the water, against the composition in the glass. Fear into the bowl of the pipe the sulphuric acid, which will instantly ignite the composition, and produce a very curious flame. This is the way to "set the Thames on fire."

DRYING UP LONDON.—Madam de Genlis relates in her Memoirs, that in one day, during dinner, the Duchess of Mazarine, conceived the idea of drying up the marshes where her splendid mansion in Paris. She assembled an immense army of soldiers, who, with their drums and dazzling with mirrors which covered the sides of the carriages, and with the full force of the salon was a cabinet full of foliage and flowers, and on opening a gate a transparency was seen, which at once gave the company a very white and well washed, dedling in a woodland scene, and by a pleasant path in a dancer from the opera. Whilst this ingenious scene was preparing, and the company were dancing in the saloon, the imprisoned sheep escaped, it is not known how, and without dog or shepherdess, commenced their usual depredations upon the verdure of the banks. The huge and blustering of the affright of flock, the noise they made in breaking the fences down, and the sight of the flight of the women, the roars of laughter from the dancers, and the scene a much more amusing scene than that of the pastoral, which the company left by coach.

SINGULAR DUEL.—A singular circumstance, and one shocking, in a humane point of view, reflecting faculties of a wolf, is related as having occurred a few days since in the forest of Ardennes on the borders of Champagne. A farmer one day, leaking through the hedge of his garden, observed a wolf walking round before his stable, unable to get at him, on account of the mule's being chained. Astonished at this sight, the farmer perceived that his beast was so well able to defend itself, he considered it unnecessary to render him any assistance. After the attack had been prolonged and lasted fully a quarter of an hour, the wolf ran off to a neighboring ditch, where he several times plunged into the water. The farmer imagined he did this to cool himself, and that the fatigue he had sustained, and had no doubt left him in a very weak condition, would soon overcome him; but in a few minutes the wolf returned to the charge, and, approaching the mule on the other side of the mule, sloak himself, and spurted a quantity of water into the mule's eyes, which rendered it unmanageable. It was during this moment the wolf leaped upon him and killed the mule before the farmer could come to his assistance.

If a man at twenty-one years of age began to take a glass a week, and put it in interest every year, he would have at thirty-one years of age, 1.130 12s. 1d.; at forty-one, 1.371 17s. 7½d.; at fifty-one, 1.664 14s. 1d.; at sixty-one, 2.024 5s. 5½d.; at seventy-one, 2.226 4s. 6d. When we look at these sums and when we have so much temptation and evil might be avoided at so little cost, we cannot but wonder that any man in humble circumstances may do for his family these sums, or cause any wondering that there are not more cases of it. Is a weak He who saves this sum may not only pay his own way, but he may help his afflicted and poor friends to various benevolent societies. In short, he may store away treasure in heaven in this world, and he may help them on their way to a better.

A CANDIDATE FOR MATRIMONY.—Miss JANE H. BUCKWITE advertises herself ready to receive proposals for matrimony, in the Sun Journal, published at Bowling Green, Missouri. The following is a specimen:

"Near eighteen years of age, fair complexion, light colored hair, blue eyes, handsome figure, rather slender, and a round face. I am by no means deficient in point of intellect, and for comfortable support—a plain English education—quite a wieldy temper—and well-disposed to be pleased with anything, though I will not be pleased to notice every fop, who may call himself a gentleman.

"The gentleman that takes me (if any one does) must learn to do his own cooking and washing, quilting and mending, and all other little matters attached to him, viz: A mild temper, a good feeling towards girls generally, and be in favor of the same, be of a steady habit, and temperate. Presidency in 1840. He must also be a man that is not afraid to venture in danger, and have patience when he is dyspeptic.

THE VALUE OF TIME.—We heard an observation the other evening, which struck us forcibly by its pertinency; and whose application would be a rigorous test to many lessons; to more than a few, would impeach their conduct. Why should Mrs. W——, be unhappy? asked an acquaintance of her husband. She has a home that enjoys a fair fortune; has as much money as she wants; and, in short, can want nothing that money can procure. Her husband lavishes every thing upon her." A friend whispered to us—"It is because Mrs. W—— has no time."